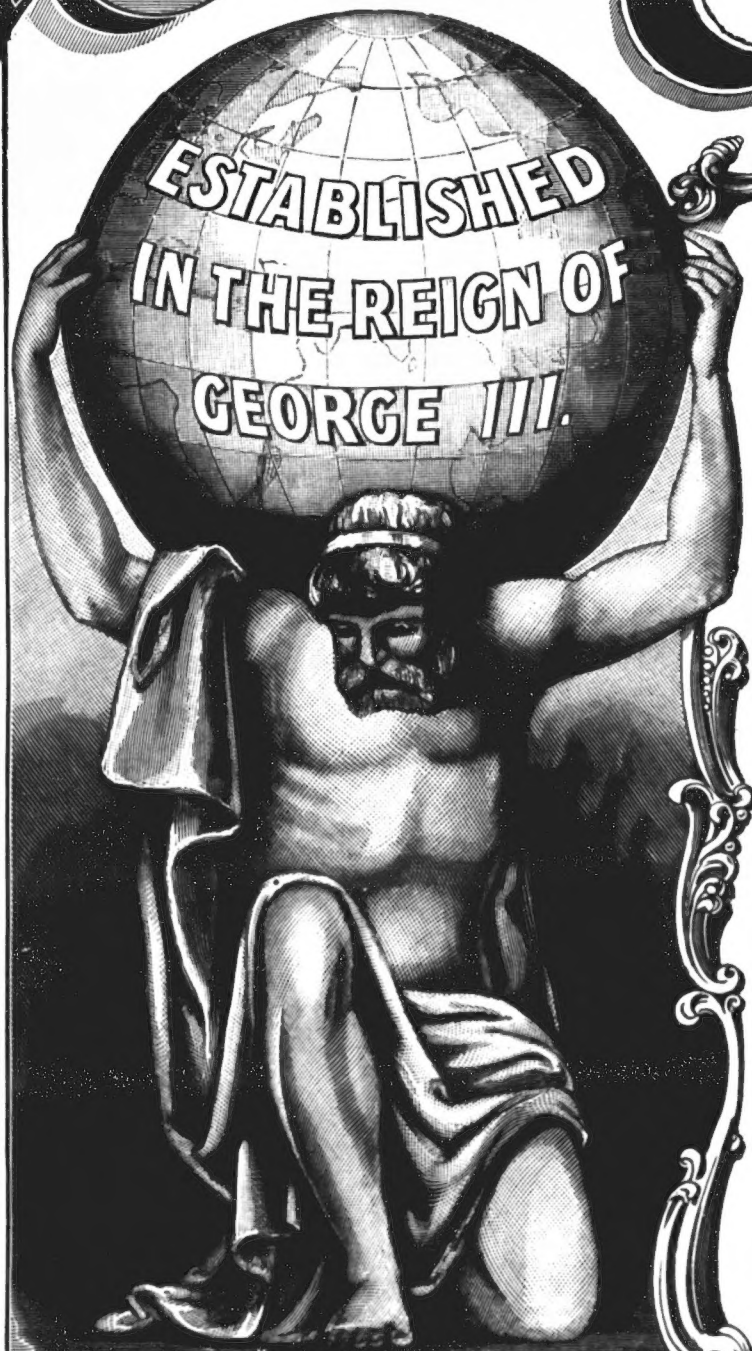


CORONATION NUMBER

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

OFFICE : 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

The ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY Limited



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The Main Features of the Company are:

PROGRESS.—The Company commenced business in the year 1808, in the REIGN OF KING GEORGE III., and the following figures show its record:—

At the Accession of	INCOME.	FUNDS.
King George IV. -	77,413	160,121
King William IV. -	131,423	607,676
Queen Victoria -	157,973	915,082
King Edward VII. -	700,134	2,237,081

In addition, the Company has a Subscribed Capital of

ONE MILLION TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS STERLING.

Affording a **TOTAL SECURITY of £3,437,081.**

SECURITY.—More than ample funds for all liabilities—nearly one hundred years of reputation for liberal treatment to maintain.

It values at 2½ per cent. only, while its interest earnings are 3½ per cent.—the difference contributes to profits given to Life Policy-holders.

The policy of the Directors is and always has been to increase reserves and *not* to divide profits up to the hilt, thus thinking of the Policy-holders first.

LARGE BONUSES.—The profits divided among the Life Policy-holders in respect of the last quinquennium (1899) showed an increase of over 30 per cent. as compared with the corresponding amount ten years previously.

MODERATE RATES.—Fire rates are as low as those of any other first-class Office. Life rates are lower than the average of other good Offices.

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Head Office: 92, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

THE GRAPHIC CORONATION NUMBER



"The Queen being crowned all the Peeresses put on their Coronets. Then the Archbishop of York putteth the Sceptre into the Queen's Right Hand, and the Ivory Rod with the Dove into her Left Hand; and sayeth this Prayer: 'O Lord, the giver of all perfection: Grant unto this thy servant Alexandra our

Queen, that by the powerful and mild influence of her piety and virtue, she may adorn the high dignity which she hath obtained, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'"

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK PUTTING THE SCEPTRE INTO THE QUEEN'S HAND

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS:
"Crowning the King" and "General View of the Service in the Abbey"

THE CROWNING OF OUR KING AND QUEEN

ANNOUNCING THE CORONATION

If it were only in regard to the hopes and fears which it has raised, the Coronation of Edward VII. would stand out among the Coronations of English monarchs. Never, it may safely be said, has the nation within so brief a time passed from grief—for the memory of the late Queen is still green—to high expectation, and then been plunged into sorrow and anxiety. But at length all is well. The great day has come and gone, and in a spirit of thankfulness we can acknowledge the fact that all that has passed has only shown how firmly rooted in Britain and the Empire is the affection for the Monarchy and the present Sovereign. To appreciate to-day's ceremony in its full significance one has to take one's thoughts back to a chill January morning last year—when Queen Victoria's passing was so recent that it was still difficult to grasp the fact that a great Queen was no more among us. But just as in a battle the next man steps straight into the place of the fallen hero, so in a moment on that day did one realise that there was some one ready to take the vacant place and uphold a glorious tradition. The life, the deeds, and the solemn funeral pageant became a splendid memory, and from end to end of London, throughout the land and throughout the Empire, one cry went up, "God Save the King." It started at St. James's Palace, when, with quaint impressive ceremonial, the Earl Marshal and Heralds assembled on the balcony, while the headquarters staff stood grouped below, and the Proclamation announcing King Edward VII.'s accession was first read. It was carried on at Temple Bar, and repeated again in the heart of the City at the Royal Exchange, thence to be carried round the world in all His Majesty's dominions. The King had held a Council ere this. He had himself taken the Oath of Allegiance to the Realm, and in turn the Privy Councillors had taken Oath of Allegiance to His Majesty, but the day of Proclamation was the day on which the great mass of the people found voice to express their loyalty, and putting aside sad memories looked confidently forward to the new era. So far there was only talk of a coming Coronation. It would come in good time, but precisely when none knew. There was much to be done first, much settling down, much organisation, much re-arrangement before the ship of state could go on in quite its old methodical way. The war was dragging along its weary length, and it seemed fitting that an event when the whole Empire might be expected to give itself over to rejoicing should be put off until a time when there might be a reasonable prospect of the war cloud passing away. As a matter of fact it was nearly six months after the accession before the heralds and trumpeters once more appeared in state and publicly announced that the all-important event would take place in June this year, and so set all speculation at rest.

THE ARRANGEMENTS

Long though the time seemed it proved none too long. A thousand questions had to be dealt with. So many years had elapsed since the previous Coronation that the Court officials numbered few, if any, who could actually boast of any first-hand acquaintance with the all-important rites. Plenty of information was then at hand relating to precedents, but in sixty years how much had changed! The Empire had increased in a manner which only a glance at the map can enable one to realise, and with its increase there had sprung into being a host of important colonies or nations, the claim of whose representatives to be present was indisputable. Again, apart from the Colonies, India in place of being territory exploited by a Chartered Company, had become a Continent ruled over in part by a number of distinguished Princes famed for unquestioned loyalty, splendid generosity and great services to the Empire. It was not so much necessary that they should be asked, as essential to the full significance of the occasion, that they should be represented. They honoured us by coming more than we honoured them by asking, and the presence of such a ruler as Sir Pertab Singh, the prime mover in the foundation of the splendid Imperial Service Corps, who announced the other day that he was proud to come as the King's servant, is a splendid testimony to the wise policy which has made of India a source of strength rather than of weakness. From our own Colonies were bidden all Prime Ministers, including such distinguished statesmen as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Edmund Barton, Mr. Seddon, Sir Gordon Sprigg, etc., while from the Crown Colonies came representatives bearing names hardly less famous, while being at peace with all the world, so it fortunately turned out there was scarce a single foreign power which was not represented.

Though the country came to London in thousands for the great ceremony, there was to be no lack of loyal demonstration in Scotland and the provinces. Hardly a town or village which did not indulge in some carefully elaborated scheme for celebrating the occasion, and certain places in Scotland, as, for instance, Aberdeen, and in the south, as, for instance, Dover, surpassed themselves in the way of decorations. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that throughout the whole of the Empire, East tried to rival West, and North challenged South in the endeavour to stamp the day as a great one in the country's annals.

THE CORONATION FESTIVITIES

Not the least picturesque event was to be the firing of the chain of bonfires throughout the land, as was done at the Jubilee, the signal for starting these fires being given by a signal rocket from the summit of the Great Wheel at Earl's Court. The Central

Coronation Bonfires Committee arranged for 464 bonfires in England, fifteen in Scotland, four in the Isle of Man, one in Orkney, and two in Jersey. In Somerset alone there were forty-seven, and in Yorkshire thirty-eight. Several other features of the week need referring to in this introductory survey of the festivities as originally arranged. Among these none were more worthy of the occasion than the manner in which the King, Queen, and Prince and Princess strove to please some of the poorest of their subjects. It is a hard thing to rejoice when you are hungry, and no more gracious or generous thought ever entered King Edward's head than when he decided to provide the wherewithal to feast half a million of his humblest citizens. Each one of these half-million, well fed, and happy with a souvenir mug, will long remember the event with gratitude, though their pleasure was to be marred by the calamity which befell the country. The Prince and Princess followed up the idea with an invitation to 2,400 London children to come to Marlborough House to see the processions on the two great days and enjoy dinner afterwards in the gardens; and though the little ones were deprived of the show they were not wholly disappointed. Royally were they entertained, and each received a souvenir mug adorned with Royal portraits, while a third series of entertainments have been the Queen's teas to maids-of-all-work—a kindly idea, inspired by the fear that the girls might find Coronation time a period of extra work rather than of extra rejoicing. After this generosity one can only hope that the people's Coronation gift will fulfil the most sanguine anticipations. Everyone knows the form which King Edward desired that this gift should take, and it will be matter for sincere regret if the cause of the Hospitals, which His Majesty has so much at heart, does not benefit very substantially. Then may we all say God Save the King after our recent time of tribulation with the consciousness that we have one and all given to him not merely good wishes, but a tangible proof of our earnest desire to gratify which must now be even more heartfelt than when we expressed it in June. Sorrow and suffering always found King Edward zealous in the effort to ameliorate. They will not find him less so now.

THE KING'S ILLNESS

So the preparations went on. Careless, happy, thoughtless crowds thronged London to its uttermost. There was only one anxiety. Would the two all-important days be fine? It is true that there were one or two vague rumours about the King's health not being quite all that might have been desired, but no one was disposed to pay very serious attention to them, and only the very few heard of them at all. In the nature of a thunderclap then came the announcement, on the morning of June 24, two days before the great event, that His Majesty was seriously ill, that an operation was imperative—so imperative, indeed, that almost with the news of the postponement of the Coronation came the painful intelligence that the King was even then in the surgeons' hands. In a very brief time came the further news that the operation had been successfully performed, that His Majesty was in the best of hands, Lord Lister, Sir Francis Laking, Sir Thomas Barlow, and Sir Frederick Treves being in constant attendance, and that there was nothing to be done but to wait and pray that a life so valuable might be spared. Those who were in London during that period of suspense will not readily forget the sensations they experienced. The whole town seemed to be struck as with some extraordinary paralysis. The holiday throngs in the streets, incredulous at first, rushed for the papers bearing the news and passed the word from one to another in awed tones. All the life and animation of the streets was gone in a moment, and the immense gathering of pleasure-seekers wandered up and down the streets only anxious about one thing, to see at the earliest possible moment the latest bulletin. "Will my people ever forgive me?" said the King when the doctors announced that action must be taken at once, and the Coronation indefinitely postponed. There was no question of forgiveness, no irritation at a spoiled holiday, no tendency to accept the blow in anything but a right spirit. From the highest to the lowest, all realised that their disappointment was not more poignant than that of the King, and overwhelmed with the suddenness of the news and with grief that it should have fallen at all, they forgot their individual troubles, and only thought of the Royal House so rudely stricken. The mockery of it all was so apparent in the streets. Not merely were the crowds in holiday attire, but along the routes of the processions of both days hardly a house was there that was not gaily decorated, while down every road flags and banners fluttered in the brilliant sunshine. The scarlet and gold of the scores of empty stands, which should have been like flower gardens crowded with the nation's best, the streets cleared of vehicular traffic in readiness, the elaborate decorations of the bridges, the impressive illuminations, all these stood out in pathetic relief. London had surpassed itself; everything was prepared on a scale at once prodigious and satisfying, the weather was all that could be desired. There was only one touch wanted, one presence required, and instead of that presence, for a few strained days, no one quite knew whether the angel of death might not be knocking at the gates of the palace before which waited an anxious, ever-changing crowd. It is in such times as these that the truth comes forth strongly, and King Edward, always a popular prince, owes something to this illness in that it made his people realise that he was something more than a popular prince to them—that he held a very real place in their hearts. For the worst was not to be.

THE KING'S CONVALESCENCE

Day by day the cautious bulletins told a more hopeful tale, day by day the load of anxiety was lightened. His Majesty was doing well. The wound was healing. He was taking an interest in the march of events; he was interviewing Ministers of State. He saw Lord Kitchener on his return from the Cape. The danger had been great—for days the doctors never left his side, but there was no longer any doubt that His Majesty's pluck and fine constitution had been ably backed up by the doctors' skill, and the country breathed a sigh of intense relief when, one morning, the papers announced that

the danger was past, and that only careful nursing was required to ensure a prompt recovery. Even before this, though, His Majesty had shown himself solicitous about his people. If they endured anxiety on his account all thoughts on his sick-bed were for them. This was made manifest first when it was shown that the list of Coronation honours would not be postponed but made public as originally arranged on what should have been Coronation Day. A little later, by express desire, the long series of fetes, rejoicings, dinners and teas, which had been arranged, began in London and the Provinces. Elaborate preparations had been made for these festivities, and by the King's special desire they were carried into effect. His Majesty's convalescence was signalled by the lighting of the bonfires above referred to throughout the Kingdom. The dinners to the poor of London supplied out of his own munificent donation furnished another occasion for rejoicing among the poorer of his subjects, while the Queen's teas to domestic servants were not allowed to suffer in any way. Every effort was made by the Royal Family to spare the poorest of their people disappointment and right royally did the Queen and Prince and Princess of Wales work with this object.

WAITING FOR AUGUST

What to be done with all the distinguished guests was another problem of importance. All that could be arranged in the way of entertainment for them was done, and then the majority drifted back to their respective countries, though mostly, it is true, promising to return at a later date, if and when—for at that time all was uncertain—the postponed Coronation should take place. The Colonial Premiers, however, one and all elected to wait, and so did the distinguished Indian guests; the Indian and Colonial troops were retained, and two splendid reviews were held by the Queen of these sorely disappointed warriors, who had travelled so far to see their King, while another splendid ceremony was the reception at the India Office given in honour of the Indian Princes. Here the Prince and Princess of Wales did the honours, as also at the reception in St. James's Palace to welcome the Colonial visitors. The great Naval Review was necessarily adjourned and the imposing fleet at Spithead scattered, but in every town, village and hamlet, as the bulletins grew fewer and more satisfactory, by Royal desire the Coronation celebrations were held, and the singing of "God Save the King," which ended every function, had for once a deeper significance even to the most thoughtless. Meantime the progress of the Royal patient had been most astonishing and most gratifying. The first rumours of a Coronation in August were received almost with scepticism, but rumour for once was right. Hope told a flattering but a true tale. The wound set about healing rapidly, and in an astonishingly short time, considering the serious nature of the operation, it was possible to move the Royal patient to Cowes, where on his yacht he enjoyed the sea breezes and made a marvellous recovery. August 9 was decided upon as the date for the deferred ceremony, and all the preparations were once more set in train. The ceremony, though, this time was to be the Coronation with a difference. Rapid and satisfactory though the King's recovery had been it was obviously necessary to spare him as much as possible. By His Majesty's desire the religious side of the great event, it was announced, would be accentuated—the pageantry diminished. All idea of the second day's long, tiring procession through London was, perforce, abandoned, the Service in the Abbey was much curtailed, and many of the notable people, whose presence would have added to the impressiveness of the Service, have been unable to return. Nevertheless it was clear from the first that the ceremony would lose nothing in dignity, and the severe trial through which King and country have passed, introduced a note of solemnity and thankfulness befitting the great occasion.

THEN AND NOW

The contrast between the aspect of the country in June and this month could hardly be more marked. East of Charing Cross only dismantled stands reminded one of the suddenly checked festivities, the roystering spirit of the month before last had gone, and was not to return, and but for the more important illuminations which remained ready, with a not misplaced confidence, the City wore its usual air, but beneath the surface everywhere was a deep gratitude that the King had been spared for the great Sacrament, which is the last link in the chain which binds him to his people. There was this difference, that, instead of looking forward to a holiday carnival, the nation turned its thoughts more towards the Abbey and the great ceremony, which seemed to take upon itself almost the form of some splendid thanksgiving service. Instead of the huge number of troops originally arranged for, some 30,000 men were found sufficient to keep the line of the shorter procession, but these were carefully drawn from different regiments, so as to be thoroughly representative of the Army as a whole. If the decorations do not quite rival those of the earlier part of the year, they were yet entirely satisfactory, and St. James's Street was like a bower fragrant with fresh flowers. Clubs, commercial houses and private houses carried out very fine decorative schemes, but the abandonment of the second day's long procession confined these manifestations of loyalty to a limited area. In the matter of guests, no formal invitations were issued to foreign Courts, but a number of relatives of the Royal family returned, among them being the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, the Crown Prince of Greece, Prince Albert Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and Prince George and Prince Andrew of Greece.

In the meantime, the King, on his yacht, so rapidly gained strength that one heard with satisfaction of his daily improvement until he was able once more to walk about, and the last fears vanished. He went away from London in a screened carriage. He returned a few days before the ceremony, driving before all his people, looking well, browned and happy, and their welcome must have relieved his mind of the last shadow of doubt as to whether they would ever forgive him.

Coronation Day

THE day on which was to take place the event which King Edward described as "one of the most solemn and important of my life" broke with every promise of fine weather—a promise that was practically fulfilled, for though there was not much bright sunshine there was no rain except a brief shower, and that was when the great ceremony was over. With the sunrise came the first heralds of the coming event. At half-past four the first gun of the twenty-one to be fired from the Tower boomed out its salute to the King. Immediately afterwards the guns in Hyde Park, to the number of forty-one, took up the tale, and the bells of many of the churches began a joyous peal. The police were astir even before this, and it was not long before the streets of London, usually given over to the solitary policeman and the milkman, began to grow animated. The crowds grew as the hours drew on, but were not so dense as might have been expected. The spectacle in the neighbourhood of Buckingham Palace was brilliant as the troops began to assemble. The cadets from Woolwich and Sandhurst were noticeable amid the gathering scarlet lines of soldiery. The troops continued to assemble until the Mall was bright with colour. The Colonials and the Indians, most of them mounted, the naval contingent, Guards, both horse and foot, linesmen, all in turn occupied the attention of the waiting spectators. Then there was Lord Kitchener to be greeted on his arrival—and a right hearty one he had too—and other notable personages. Time passed quickly with so much to look at, and the most perfect order ruled in the crowd. Besides, the military bands stationed along the route marched up and down playing, and the people had to confess that the hours of waiting were made as little tedious as possible. At length the appointed hour drew near, and at twenty minutes past ten the first procession—eight carriages of members of the Royal Family and Royal Guests—passed out of the Palace gates. As soon as these had passed the procession of the Prince of Wales turned out from York Gate. As soon as it was clear the King's procession was marshalled.

THE KING'S PROCESSION

At three minutes to eleven, the booming of guns in Hyde Park announced that the King had started on his memorable progress to the Abbey. And then the crowd caught sight of His Majesty, and enthusiasm, long pent up, broke forth. Hats went off, handkerchiefs were waved, and cheer upon cheer roared a welcome to the King. It was generally remarked how well the King and the Queen looked. Their Majesties wore ermine capes, and the King had on his head a crimson velvet cap, trimmed with ermine. Both their Majesties were evidently pleased and moved by the tumultuous outburst of welcome that greeted them. The scene was indeed inspiring as the procession passed down the Mall, for the procession, though not very long, made up for its lack of length by its brilliance. At the head of it rode Lieutenant Cowans, Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, followed by the advanced guard of the King's escort of Royal Horse Guards. Then came the King's Barge-master and twelve watermen in quaint uniforms, and after them four carriages containing the Households of their Majesties. The personal Staff of the Commander-in-Chief followed, preceding the A.D.C.'s, Volunteers, Yeomanry, Militia, Honorary Indian and Regular Forces. The three Indian A.D.C.'s, Sir Pertab Singh, Maharajah of Idar; the Maharajah of Cooh Behar, and the Maharajah of Gwalior, presented a magnificent appearance in their gorgeous dress. Behind the A.D.C.'s rode Lord Kitchener, whose commanding figure was easily discernible and who was warmly greeted at every point of the route. Equally demonstrative was the reception accorded to Lord Roberts, who rode at the rear of the Headquarter Staff of the Army. Behind him marched the King's Marshalsmen and twenty-five Yeomen of the Guard in their picturesque old-time uniform. The extra Equerries and Equerries in Ordinary followed, and were preceded by the escorts of Colonial and Indian Cavalry and by the first division of the Sovereign's escort of Royal Horse Guards. Then came the King and Queen in their state coach, drawn by eight of the famous cream-coloured horses, following which was the Standard, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and a long string of officers holding posts of importance. Royal grooms, the rear division of the Sovereign's escort of Royal Horse Guards, and a reserve squadron of Life Guards brought the procession to a close.

THE ROUTE TO THE ABBEY

The route to Westminster Abbey was by the Mall, the Horse Guards' Arch, Whitehall and Parliament Street. All along the route the stands were filled with spectators, and these structures, so depressingly ugly when empty, presented a pretty picture as the occupants greeted their Majesties. At the Horse Guards every nook of vantage was occupied. On either side of the archway were two large stands occupied by some 4,000 naval and military officers with their wives and families. The officers were in full-dress uniform, and there was a grand display of medals. It may easily be imagined that these stands, with uniforms and pretty dresses, presented one of the striking scenes on the route. But perhaps nowhere were the spectators more closely packed than near Westminster Abbey. Stands had been erected around the building, and these were hung with heavy crimson and yellow bunting, while from numerous other points of vantage depended flags and other decorative devices, which gave a lively and attractive appearance to the exterior. In a prominent place could be read the legend: "Loyal Middlesex Greets its King and Queen!" and at another "Long Live the King and Queen!" was the inscription which was to greet their Majesties as they came near the Abbey. Westminster Hospital and the Guildhall were almost surrounded by stands, and the decorations were very imposing. The petition, "God Bless our King and Queen!" was displayed in bold letters along the front of one building. Opposite, and almost hiding St. Margaret's Church from view, was a gigantic stand, which seated some 3,400 people. Every available spot from which the State procession could be seen was occupied. The stands erected for the convenience of the members of both Houses of Parliament—the Lords in Palace Yard and the Commons in Parliament Square—had received

a fresh coat of brick-coloured paint. These rapidly filled up during the early morning, as did also the other official stands erected by His Majesty's Office of Works in Parliament Square and at the Westminster end of Whitehall for the accommodation of Government officials and our Colonial guests.

THE KING'S ARRIVAL AT THE ABBEY

At the Abbey were posted as guards of honour a force of blue-jackets and a body of Foot Guards. The Abbey itself had early been alive with officials of all kinds, and those who were fortunate enough to have seats near by and to be in them early, saw officials arrive long before there was any sign of any procession. After them came invited guests—Peers, the Diplomatic Corps, the members of the House of Commons and others. They had also had the privilege of seeing all the processions arrive, including that of the Lord Mayor, whose arrival, with the Lady Mayoress, in the famous gingerbread coach ought not to be left unmentioned. But these sights were as nothing to the spectators who were waiting to see the King. It was at 11.25 that the King and Queen's golden State coach came into view, and it was greeted with a spontaneous shout of joy which revealed as nothing else could the delight of His Majesty's subjects that at last their King was to be crowned. The King smiled jubilantly as he acknowledged the cheers of his people, while the Queen, looking as charming as ever, bowed from right to left. In a few minutes their Majesties had entered the Abbey, and were shut from view of the people outside. But the spectators were to have another opportunity of seeing their Sovereign—this time crowned and clothed in the full regalia of his office—and they waited patiently until the great ceremony had been concluded before dispersing.

THE SALUTES

We have already referred to the salutes fired at the Tower and Hyde Park at sunrise and on the King's departure from the Palace. When the Abbey was reached another forty-one guns at the Tower and twenty-one in Hyde Park announced the fact. The system of signalling was managed admirably, and the exact moment when the Archbishop placed the Crown on the King's head was made known to hundreds of thousands of loyal subjects who neither saw the ceremony nor the procession, by the thunderous roar of sixty-two guns at the Tower and forty-one in Hyde Park. Similarly, when the King left the Abbey and also when he reached Buckingham Palace, salutes of forty-one and twenty-one guns were fired at the Tower and in Hyde Park respectively.

THE RETURN FROM THE ABBEY

On leaving the Abbey, the King and Queen had a most enthusiastic reception. The National Anthem was played, all the people singing, and the King drove away amid enthusiastic cheers. The Duke of Connaught, Prince Christian, Lord Roberts, and Lord Kitchener were also loudly cheered on emerging from the Abbey and mounting their horses. The return route was by way of Parliament Street, Whitehall, to Trafalgar Square, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, St. James's Street, Piccadilly and Constitution Hill. At Trafalgar Square the crowds were enormous and the scene magnificent. The most striking feature of the scene was, perhaps, the lining of the plinth and base of the Nelson Column by three rows of Royal Navy men. Just one hour after the procession was due at Charing Cross, the booming of guns announced its departure from the Abbey. The pent-up anxiety of the crowd at the protracted delay, which no one could understand, vented itself in ringing cheers, which were renewed as the strains of "God Save the King," sung by the immense concourse in Whitehall, were heard. The pageant at length came into view around the corner of Whitehall. Amid tumultuous cheering and the clanging of church bells, the Royal procession passed by. It was half-past two o'clock before it made its way down Pall Mall, and here again vociferous cheering greeted the appearance of their Majesties, who smilingly bowed their acknowledgments. The Prince and Princess of Wales passed by shortly afterwards, and likewise came in for great greeting.

As the Royal procession passed up St. James's Street, and along Piccadilly to Constitution Hill, there was a repetition of the loyal enthusiasm which greeted their Majesties on their journey to the Abbey. St. James's Street was beautifully decorated, and Piccadilly too was a blaze of colour. The scene as the procession rounded the corner was remarkable. Windows, balconies, and roofs seemed packed with cheering enthusiasts. A similar scene of enthusiasm was witnessed at Hyde Park Corner, where there was an enormous crowd. It was the same in Constitution Hill, the loyal feeling displayed being accentuated by the singing of the National Anthem by the thousands assembled. Near the Wellington Gate sat a group of grey-headed, scarlet-coated pensioners from the Chelsea Hospital—in pathetic contrast to the lads of the Scottish Orphanage, who were drawn up next to them.

ARRIVAL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

His Majesty arrived at Buckingham Palace on his return from Westminster Abbey, in safety, at three o'clock. After their Majesties had entered the palace, the popular demonstration was so marked and sustained that the King and Queen both went to the balcony over the main entrance. His Majesty stepped up into full sight of the crowd, wearing his robes and crown, and was most loyally acclaimed. Turning, he invited the Queen to step up besides him, and immediately there was a renewal of the demonstration. The cheering continued without interruption for some minutes, and the King and Queen repeatedly bowed their acknowledgments.

AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

The scene in the gardens of Marlborough House was probably one of the prettiest on the whole line of route. The Prince and Princess of Wales, it will be remembered, had in June extended an invitation to the children of certain orphanage homes to view the Coronation procession of the 26th and 27th of that month. Their Royal Highnesses graciously repeated the invitation for Saturday, and early in the morning more than a thousand little guests assembled. Of this number 300 came from the Merchant Seamen's Orphanage at Snaresbrook, followed by the boys from the training ship of the National Refuges for Homeless Children, the boys and girls of the Caledonian Asylum, 326 children of the Foundling Hospital, and the girls of the Princess Mary Village Homes.

The Processions

THE first procession proceeded at 10.10 a.m. from Buckingham Palace along the Mall, through the Horse Guards' Arch, Whitehall, down Parliament Street, by the east side of Parliament Square and the north side of St. Margaret's Church to the western entrance of Westminster Abbey, in the following order:—

- Trumpeters, Royal Horse Guards.
- Band, 1st Life Guards.
- Squadron, 1st Life Guards.
- First Troop Escort, Royal Horse Guards.
- Dress-carriages and pairs conveying the Royal Family and Foreign Royal Princes.
- FIRST CARRIAGE
- H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge.
- H.R.H. Princess Frederica (Baroness von Pawel Rammingen).
- H.R.H. the Princess Alice of Albany.
- SECOND CARRIAGE
- H.R.H. the Prince Andrew of Greece.
- H.R.H. the Prince George of Greece.
- H.R.H. the Princess Victoria Alice of Battenberg.
- Her Grand Ducal Highness the Princess Louis of Battenberg.
- THIRD CARRIAGE
- H.H. the Prince Maurice of Battenberg.
- H.H. the Prince Leopold of Battenberg.
- H.H. the Prince Alexander of Battenberg.
- H.H. the Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg.
- H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg)
- FOURTH CARRIAGE
- H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany
- H.R.H. the Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll)
- H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Roumania.
- H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Roumania.
- FIFTH CARRIAGE
- H.H. the Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein.
- H.H. the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.
- H.R.H. the Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught.
- H.R.H. the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.
- SIXTH CARRIAGE
- H.R.H. the Princess Margaret.
- H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught.
- H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Hesse.
- H.R.H. the Duke of Sparta.
- SEVENTH CARRIAGE
- H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Denmark.
- H.R.H. the Duchess of Sparta.
- H.R.H. the Prince Henry of Prussia.
- H.R.H. the Princess Henry of Prussia.
- EIGHTH CARRIAGE (six black horses).
- The Lady Alexandra Duff.
- H.R.H. the Princess Maud (Princess Charles of Denmark).
- H.R.H. the Princess of Victoria.
- H.R.H. the Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife).
- 2nd Troop of Escort of Royal Horse Guards.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PROCESSION

Advanced Guard of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's Escort of Royal Horse Guards. Two carriages containing the Household of Their Royal Highnesses.

T.R.H. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

Second Troop Escort, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

On arriving at Westminster Abbey, it continued its march down Victoria Street, and halted in Buckingham Palace Road, with its head 350 yards west of the Grosvenor Hotel. After the Service it wheeled about and followed back to the Abbey in rear of the Sovereign's Escort.

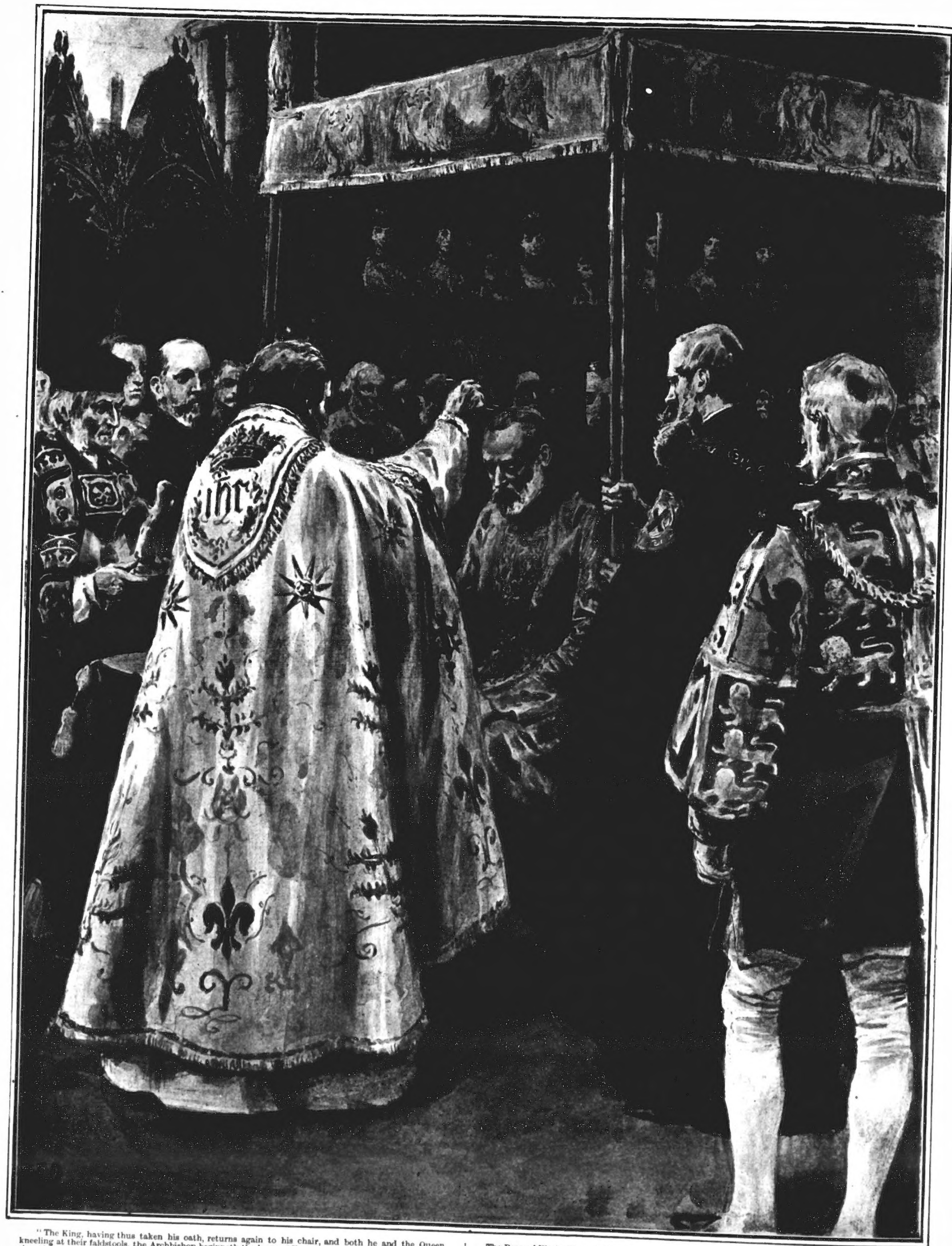
THE KING'S PROCESSION

The King's Procession left Buckingham Palace at 11 a.m., and followed the same route as the first procession in the following order:—

- A Staff Officer.
- Advanced Guard, Sovereign's Escort, 1st Life Guards.
- King's Barge Master and 12 Watermen.
- Four dress carriages and pairs, conveying the Household of Their Majesties.
- Personal Staff to the Commander-in-Chief.
- Aides-de-Camp to the King, including Lieut.-Colonel His Highness Maharajah Sir Nripendra Narayan Bhuji Bahadur of Cooh Behar, G.C.I.E., C.B., A.D.C.; Major-General His Highness Maharajah Sir Pertab Singh of Idar, G.C.S.I., K.C.B., A.D.C., LL.D.; Colonel His Highness Maharajah Dhiraj Sir Madho Rao Sindhia of Gwalior, G.C.S.I., A.D.C.
- Major-General Sir Alfred Gaselee, Admiral Sir E. Seymour, and General Viscount Kitchener, abreast.
- Officers of the Headquarter Staff.
- Field-Marshal the Right Hon. Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G., K.P., Commander-in-Chief.
- His Majesty's Marshalsmen.
- Yeomen of the Guard.
- The Equerries in Ordinary to the King.
- His Highness Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein.
- His Royal Highness the Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.
- His Royal Highness the Prince Charles of Denmark.
- Escort of Colonial Cavalry.
- Escort of Indian Cavalry.
- First Division of Sovereign's Escort, Royal Horse Guards.
- State Coach conveying their Majesties
- THE KING AND QUEEN.
- H.R.H. Duke of Connaught, K.G.
- H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, K.G.
- Field Officer of Escort.
- Captain of Escort.
- The Captain-General of the Royal Archer Guard of Scotland.
- The Equerry in Waiting to the Queen.
- The Field Officer in Brigade
- The Standard.
- The Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.
- The Equerry in Waiting to the King.
- Aide-de-Camp to General H.R.H. Duke of Connaught.
- Royal Grooms.
- Chief Staff Officer.
- The Master of the Horse.
- The Equerry in Waiting to the King.
- The Silver Stick.
- Adjutant in Brigade Waiting.
- Aide-de-Camp to General H.R.H. Duke of Connaught.
- Rear Division Sovereign's Escort, Royal Horse Guards.
- Orderlies to General H.R.H. Duke of Connaught.
- Reserve Squadron of 2nd Life Guards.

On arrival at Westminster Abbey the military part of the procession continued down Victoria Street, and halted in Buckingham Palace Road, west of the Grosvenor Hotel, returning up Victoria Street at 12.15 p.m., and taking up its position for the return journey.

The return journey was by the same route as far as the Horse Guards, thence continuing up Whitehall, and by Cockspur Street, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, and Constitution Hill to Buckingham Palace, the escorts taking up the positions which they previously occupied, the reserve squadron returning to its quarters by Buckingham Palace Road.

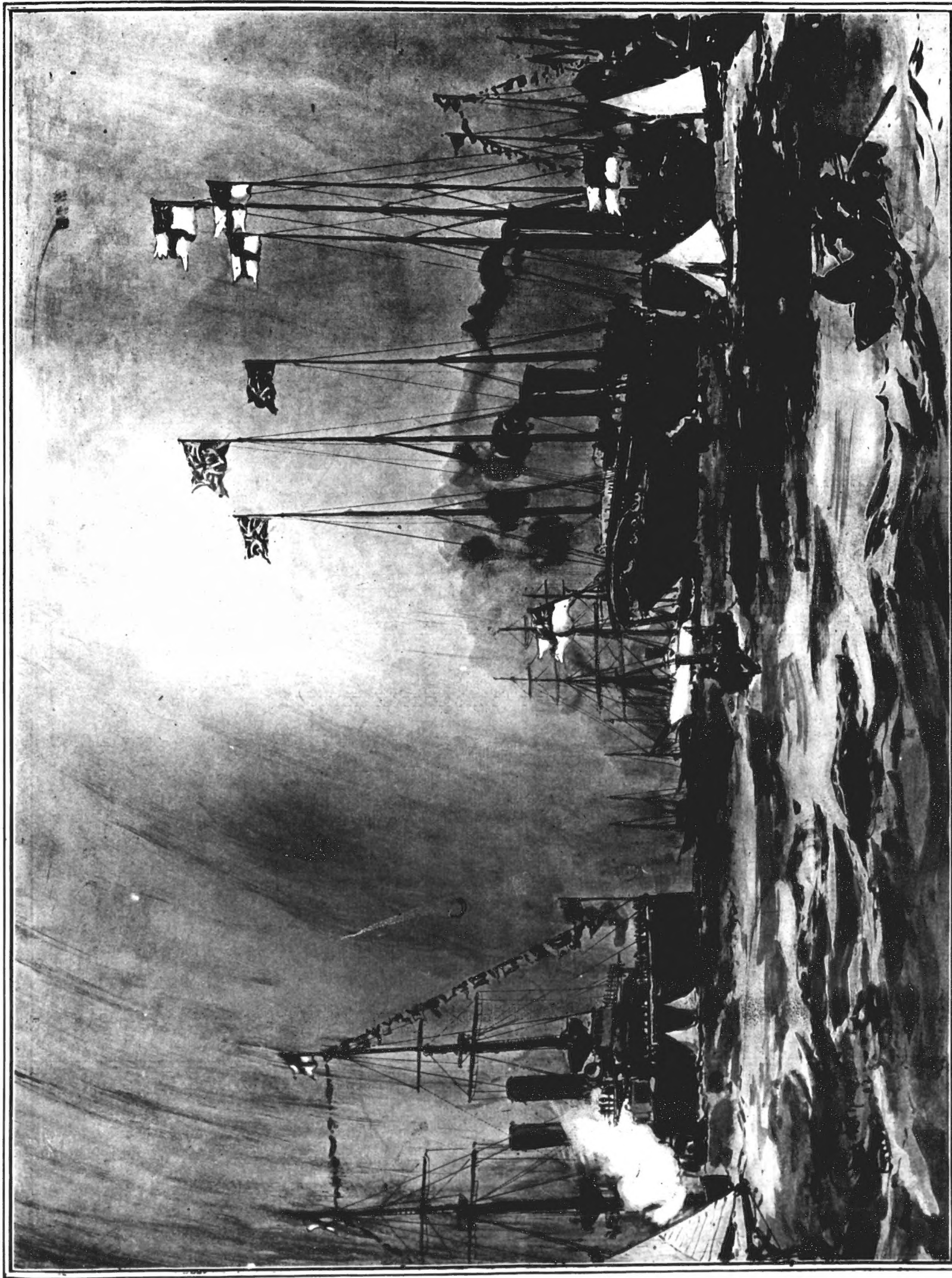


"The King, having thus taken his oath, returns again to his chair, and both he and the Queen kneeling at their faldstools, the Archbishop beginneth the hymn, 'Veni Creator Spiritus,' and the choir singeth it out." [Then follows the anthem, "Zadok, the Priest."] "In the meantime the King, rising from his devotions, having been disrobed of his crimson robes by the Lord Great Chamberlain, and having taken off his cap of State, goes before the Altar, supported and attended as before. The King sits down in King Edward's chair (placed in the midst of the area over against the Altar, with a faldstool before it), wherein he is to be anointed. Four Knights of the Garter (summoned by Garter King of Arms) hold over him a rich pall of silk, or cloth of gold, delivered to them by the Lord Chamberlain:

The Dean of Westminster, taking the ampulla and spoon from off the Altar, holdeth them ready, pouring some of the holy oil into the spoon, and with it the Archbishop anointeth the King in the form of a cross:—1. On the crown of the head, saying: 'Be thy head anointed with holy oil, as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed.' 2. On the breast, saying: 'Be thy breast anointed with holy oil.' 3. On the palms of both the hands, saying: 'Be thy hands anointed with holy oil.' And as Solomon was anointed king by Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet, so be you anointed, blessed, and consecrated King over this people, whom the Lord your God hath given you to rule and govern, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY ANOINTING THE KING

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.L.

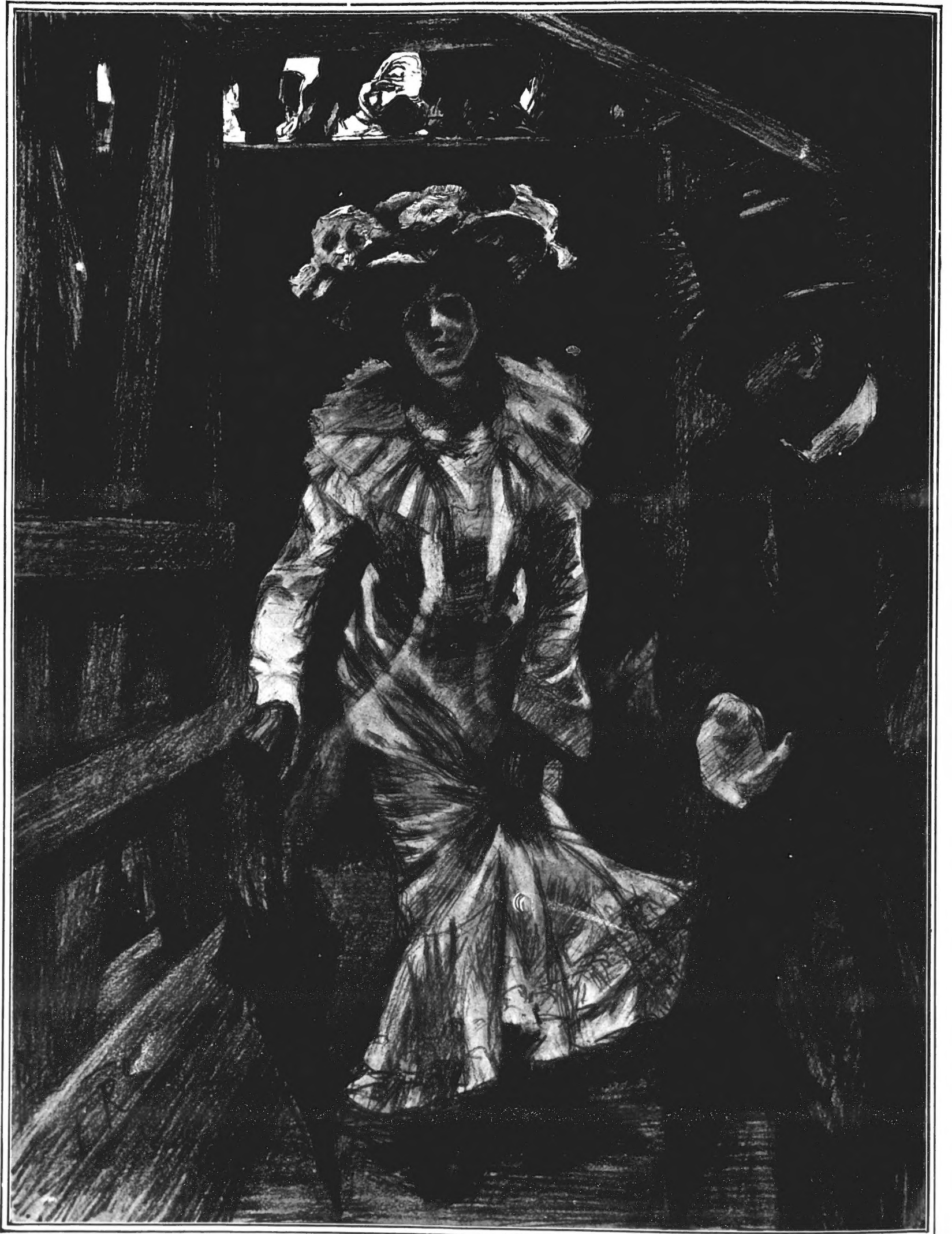


The King left Cowes at half-past one o'clock on Wednesday afternoon in the Royal yacht on his return journey to London, accompanied by the Queen and Princess Victoria. The guard-ship *Auroras* fired a Royal salute and manned ship. The Royal yacht *Osborne* got under way.

at the same moment, while the guns of the Royal Yacht Squadron also saluted when the yacht slipped their moorings and moved eastward. As the Royal yacht steamed into Portsmouth harbour from Cowes rain fell steadily. His Majesty was greeted by the ships in harbour by an elaborate display of bunting, while the flagship *Victoria* fired a Royal salute. The *Victoria* and *Albion* proceeded to the south railway jetty in Portsmouth dockyard, where the Royal train was in readiness for His Majesty.

THE KING'S DEPARTURE FROM COWES: THE ROYAL YACHT LEAVING FOR PORTSMOUTH

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.

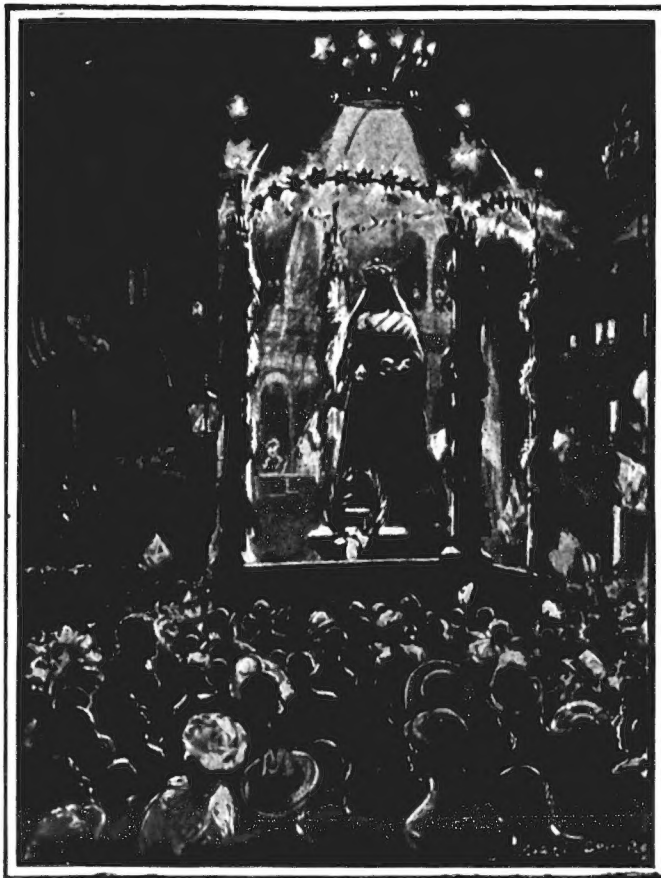


AN EARLY ARRIVAL: A FAIR SPECTATOR GOING TO TAKE HER SEAT

DRAWN BY PAUL RENOARD

In the Streets

THOSE who have deplored of late the tendency of London crowds to indulge in horseplay and indecorous revelry on every conceivable occasion, must have been agreeably surprised by the conduct of the countless thousands who thronged the streets on Coronation Day. The tide of humanity, which set from east to west and west to east was as orderly and well-behaved as one could wish to see, and the surprising thing about it was the very small percentage of roughs who attempted to extract amusement out of the situation according to their own peculiar and hooliganistic lights. The explanation, of course, is simple and obvious. Everyone had something to see, everyone had something to do. In the morning there was the vastly impressive procession; in the evening the truly splendid illuminations. In the morning one watched the procession; in the evening one watched the crowd, and incidentally wished that the King and some of the distinguished visitors could do likewise. It was a very happy crowd. Happy in itself, happy in that the King was better, happy that the great day had passed so well, happy in appreciation of the liberal sights provided. It took everything very good-temperedly. It was not pleasant to struggle to the Mall hoping to have an excellent view and find that unless you had eyes which would penetrate a serried rank of cavalry, and then two rows of stalwart Colonials, you might as well be in Timbuctoo; but what matter? There were other points less zealously guarded. It was not pleasant to be on the outer fringe when the mass of humanity swayed through the confining cordon of police and military—the confining cordon is apt at such moments to act rather hastily—it was not altogether pleasant to stand for many hours waiting for the procession, which proved to be an hour late on its return, but one and all made the best of it. Some came prepared. Newspapers were spread along the kerb and factory girls comfortably ensconced thereon indulged in playfully gibing the military. Tommy Atkins is afraid of nothing in front of him, but to stand unmoved while the wits of Whitechapel ranked behind you criticise the cut of your scarlet tunic, and the hang of your tartan



THE STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT BLACKFRIARS ILLUMINATED

DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

"precks" is a severe test of courage, and how severe the mantling colour and occasional back-flung retort revealed. It became a very hungry crowd too. That last hour, when everyone wanted food, was distinctly trying. Breakfast was an early meal on Saturday—in some cases it was a meal only honoured in the breach—and lunch was long in coming. All down Pall Mall the crowd was deliberately tortured, and bore the torture with a grin. The long line of clubs had balconies crowded with guests and members. Those guests were much envied. They had breakfast about eleven. The crowd knew that very well. They had lunch too before the procession came. The crowd saw the glitter of an occasional bottle and noted a piece of ice which skated into the street, suggestively indicating what pleasant fare it had cooled, and when all was over and a rush was made for the restaurants, the happy clubs had tea! It is to be feared Tommy was hungry too; the ambulance men, quiet and resourceful, occasionally were called to carry a redcoat off the hunger-stricken field, but no one complained. There was the King at last, looking happy, obviously quite recovered and quite as obviously crowned; that was what all had come to see—that was what all would have waited thrice as long to see, and had, in both senses, hungered to see. The crowd brought its children out in the evening. Perhaps it was not so much in order that in after years the little ones might proudly brag of what they had witnessed, as because no one could be spared to stay at home to mind them. Everyone was in the streets, and every one's wife, and everyone's baby. A happy little gang of urchins, such as Mrs. Stanley would have delighted in, perched on a coping at St. Paul's, sang God Save the King with an irresistible abandon for hours. A stalwart working man paraded the city with a child on each shoulder—perilous you might think, but there is chivalry even in crowds. Some people may have got squeezed and hustled, but these were not the little ones. The only dissatisfied units, perhaps, were the sellers of "ticklers" and other nuisances. They were very few in number, and did but a small and surreptitious business. It was a great day and a great crowd, and both were wholly satisfactory.



A FIRST-CLASS COMPARTMENT ON AN EARLY SUBURBAN TRAIN

COMING TO SEE THE CORONATION PROCESSION

DRAWN BY W. RALSTON



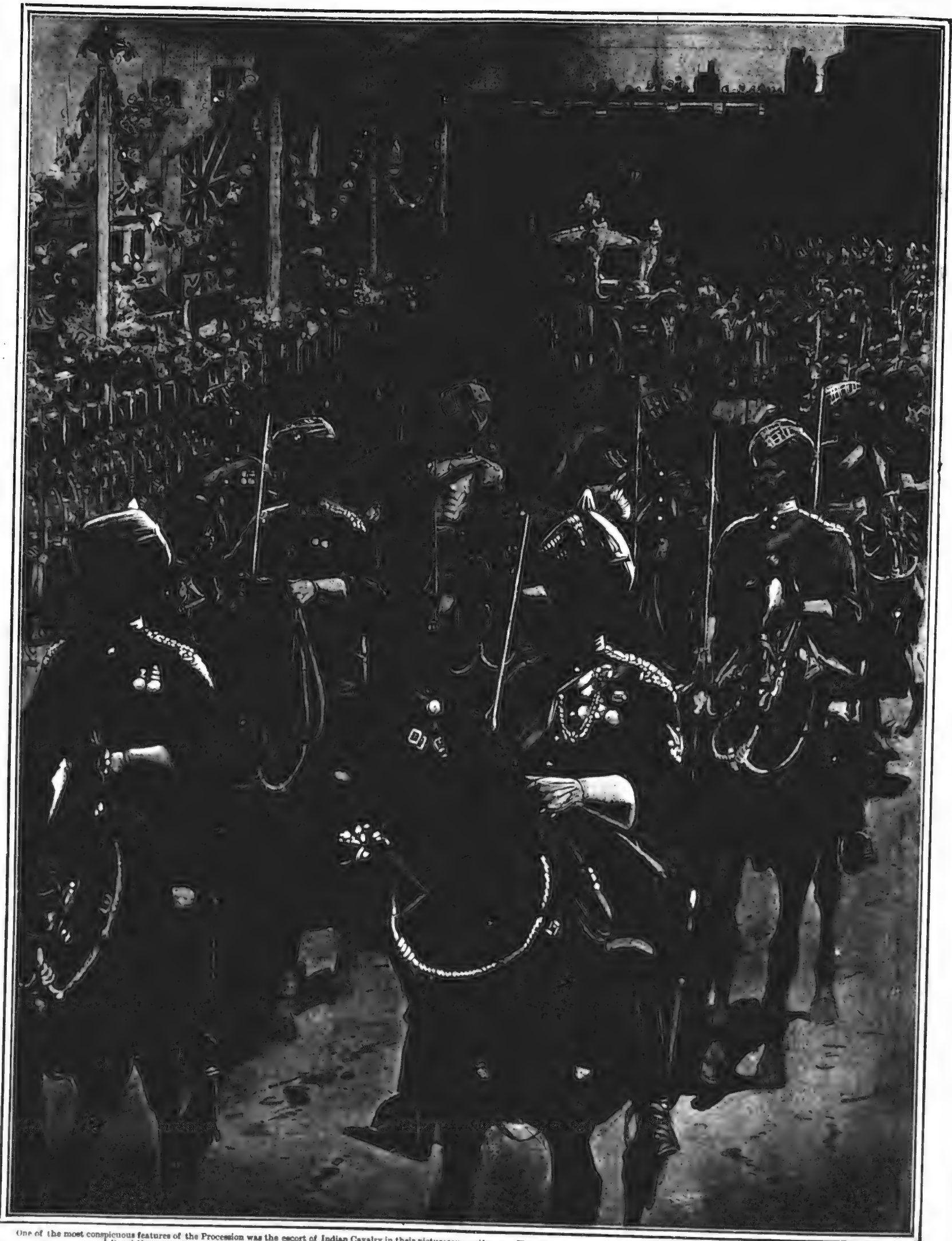
THE RETURN OF THE PROCESSION: ROUNDING THE CORNER OF PICCADILLY AND CONSTITUTION HILL
DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.



This drawing shows the procession on its way from the Abbey to Buckingham Palace after the Coronation, and was made from the offices of the North German Lloyd Company, by the kind permission of the Company

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CARRIAGE PASSING DOWN COCKSPUR STREET

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.L., AND F. MATANIA



One of the most conspicuous features of the Procession was the escort of Indian Cavalry in their picturesque uniforms. They rode in a place of honour, being only separated from the King's coach by the escort of Royal Horse Guards. Our artist was enabled to make this drawing by the kind permission of the Royal Societies' Club in St. James's Street, from a window in their premises.

THE INDIAN CAVALRY ESCORT PASSING THE ROYAL SOCIETIES' CLUB

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



As soon as the Service was over a number of the spectators of the ceremony, clad in Court dress, and choir boys, came running into the road to see the King's coach leave

IN HASTE TO SEE THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVE THE ABBEY

DRAWN BY PAUL BENOUDARD

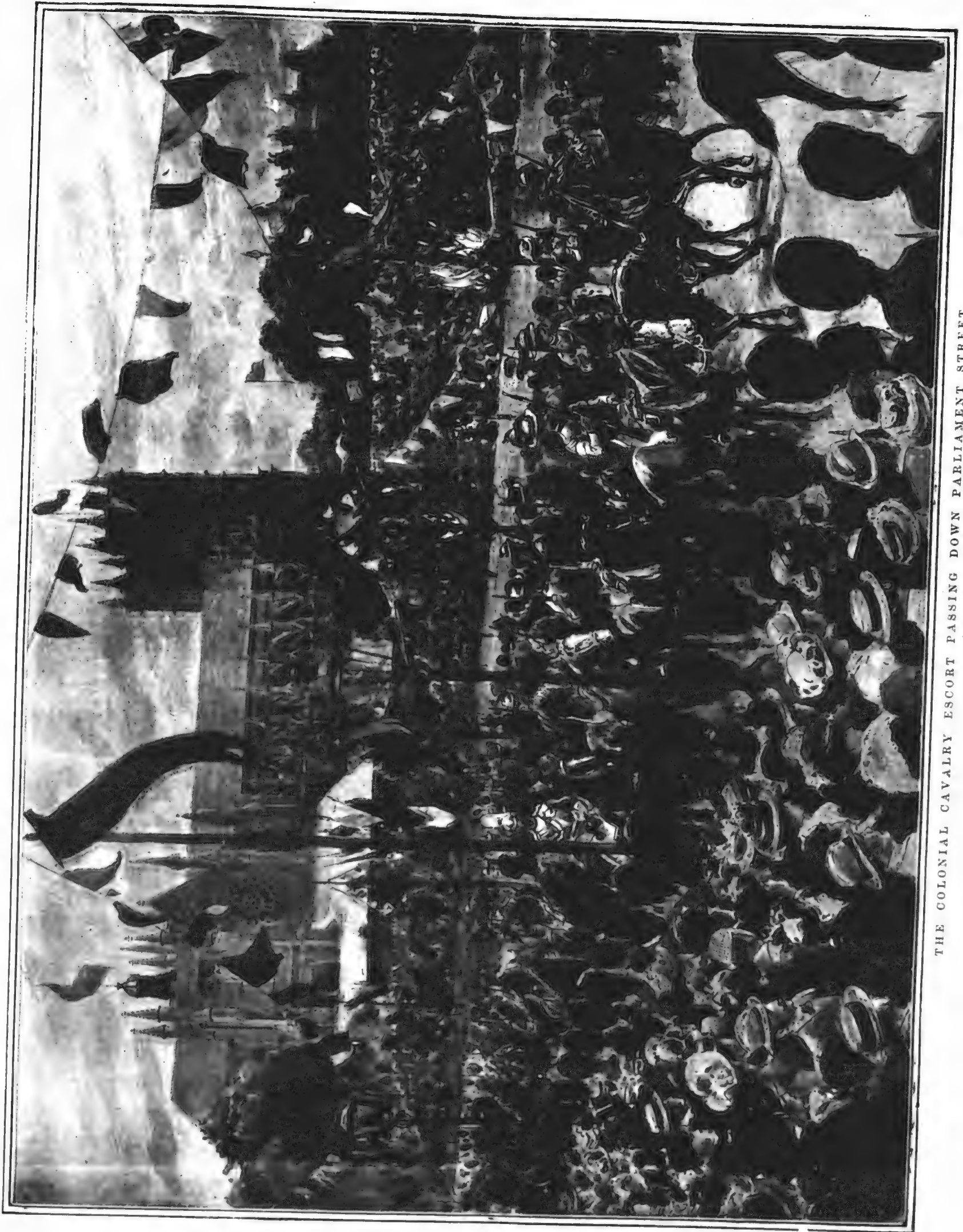


"The exhortation being ended, all the Princes and Peers then present do their homage publicly and solemnly unto the King. The Archbishop first kneels down before His Majesty's knees, and the rest of the Bishops kneel in their places; and they do their homage together, for the shortening of the ceremony, the Archbishop saying:—'I, Frederick, Archbishop of Canterbury (and so every one of the rest, I, N., Bishop of N., repeating the rest audibly after the Archbishop) will be faithful and true, and faith and truth will bear unto you our Sovereign Lord, and your heirs Kings of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. And I will do, and truly acknowledge the service of the lands I claim to hold of

you, as in right of the Church. So help me God.' Then the Archbishop kisseth the King's left cheek. Then the Prince of Wales, taking off his coronet, kneels down before His Majesty's knees, the rest of the Princes of the Blood Royal kneeling in their places, taking off their coronets, and pronouncing the words of homage after him, the Prince of Wales saying:—'I, N., Prince, or Duke, etc., of N., do become your liegeman of life and limb, and of earthly worship, and faith and truth, I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God.'

THE PRINCE OF WALES DOING HOMAGE TO THE KING

DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON



THE COLONIAL CAVALRY ESCORT PASSING DOWN PARLIAMENT STREET
DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

THE CEREMONY IN THE ABBEY

BY THE REV. J. H. T. PERKINS, MINOR CANON AND SACRIST OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

ONE more of the glorious and grand ceremonies which have made Westminster the true home and centre of all English-speaking peoples has now come and gone. Never in all probability has a Coronation been witnessed which was at once so magnificent in its general setting and at the same time so intensely pathetic from the personal circumstances surrounding the central figures in the service. To describe adequately the Coronation of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra would be a sheer impossibility. To do so with any approach to either completeness or satisfaction would require the space of an exceedingly bulky volume. It can only be designated as one long series of glorious, beautiful, and symbolical spectacles from the early hours of Saturday until the last of England's peers and peeresses had departed from the sacred precincts of Westminster Abbey.

The whole place was alive at an early hour on the eventful morning. A curiously expectant thrill seemed to pervade the entire atmosphere. Many persons were found making their way to the seats appointed for them as early as seven o'clock. Guns had been booming hours before, and now the interest of a mighty people was slowly becoming concentrated in that glorious building—"the most lovely and lovable thing in Christendom."

By ten o'clock in the morning almost every seat was occupied by the specially invited guests. Looking from end to end of the vast nave might be discerned save a great sea of colour, which varied with every movement on the part of the hundreds of persons comprising it. It may truly be said that never for two centuries at the very least has Westminster Abbey been adorned with such scrupulous care and with such perfect good taste as at the Coronation of King Edward VII. Not one single solitary detail seems to have been overlooked, the large galleries in which the guests were accommodated had been designed in such a manner as to obscure little or nothing of the beautiful proportions and the aged pillars of the Abbey. The groundwork of the decorated portion consisted of hangings of purple and old gold, which afforded a most satisfactory set-off to the brilliant display of gorgeous uniforms and blazing gems. Passing on beneath the massive organ screen into the choir there might be discerned some of the greatest notables in the land. The Speaker occupied a prominent position in the Dean's stall, while in the corresponding portion of the choir seats sat a gorgeous array of dark-skinned potentates from the far-distant East; further on towards the altar were to be seen a number of Cabinet Ministers and their predecessors in the office, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Brodrick, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Mr. Akers Douglas, Mr. Long, Mr. Hanbury, Lord Justice Romer, Sir Francis Jeune, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Ritchie, were but a few of the many men of mark, learning, and eminence who were there seated. Passing on still further eastward and coming to the north and south transept, the lower portions were thronged from end to end with all the flower of England's nobility. Here were to be discerned many a fair dame blazing with her ancestral jewels and attired in the loveliest costume which twentieth century art could design, the whole being set off to the most wonderful advantage by the elegant furred crimson robe of state. The east end of Westminster Abbey was without doubt a perfect triumph of beauty. On the credence table immediately beneath the Royal box stood a massive array of what must surely have been the most splendid collection of golden plate ever collected together in England in one place. On the north side of the sacristy were the bishops occupying two benches and lending additional colour to the scene with the scarlet of their chimeres. The High Altar was resplendent with crimson and gold, on it there was placed the handsome new frontal designed by Mr. Micklethwaite, F.S.A., with its beautifully appropriate motto "Domine fac Salvos Regem et Reginam," while above there gleamed the golden chalices, flagons, and patens which have been the proud possession of Westminster Abbey since Restoration times. Above all stood the massive altar-cross presented not many years since by the Earl of Rosebery.

Shortly after ten o'clock the first scene in this glorious national pageant was enacted. The sound of distant music was heard, for the procession of the Regalia right round the Eastern Ambulatory was taking place. Then silence followed, broken only by the faint and distant sound of melody as the Bishops of Bath and Wells and Oxford knelt at the entrance of Henry VII.'s Chapel and sang the Coronation Litany. The responses were made by the two senior choirs of the Abbey and the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. Then the doors of the altar-screen opened and some dozen clergy of the Abbey, vested, some in the new crimson copes, others in black silk scarves, bands and surplices, made their appearance and delivered up the precious emblems they bore into the hands of Dr. Duckworth, the Sub-Dean. A moment's pause and the Sacrist of the Abbey came forward and lighted the twin candles at either end of the high altar. Then the melody broke forth once more, this time a grand old German chorale. The Regalia were delivered again to their respective bearers, and then the stately procession wended its way on to the theatre and down the choir and nave headed by the Dean's Beadle of Westminster, the King's Scholars of Westminster School and the two choirs.

An interval then followed, which was, however, more than sufficiently relieved by the noble marches executed by the orchestra and organ under the alternate direction of Prof. Sir Frederick Bridge and Sir Walter Parratt. A hush then came over the scene and another brilliant display of colour was witnessed. Up the long nave and choir came England's Princes and Princesses of the Blood Royal ushered in solemn state by the heralds in their quaint costumes attended by countless pages and train-bearers, each one of whom was a perfect picture.

Another break and the procession of Royal guests, one of the most interesting events of the day, appeared, the members being conducted for the most part to seats in the choir. Here were to be

seen the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, Prince George and Prince Andrew of Greece, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania.

Then another pause and the music burst forth again, this time accompanying a second and most popular procession, a small one on this occasion—that of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

All this was intensely interesting to every beholder, but when all was said and done it was but the commencement of a glorious vision of beauty the recollection of which can never possibly fade away from the minds of those who were privileged to witness it. Now the Abbey bells were heard ringing a tuneful peal of welcome to the King, the music of Mr. Percy Godfrey's Coronation Prize March burst forth from the orchestra, and the first portion of the Royal procession, that which was headed by the Chaplains in Ordinary to the King and the Dean and Canons of Westminster advanced to their places. Many interesting personages were there, the more mention of whom is impossible within such brief limits. There was the hereditary Champion, Mr. F. S. Dymoke, carrying the Standard of England, the four Knights of the Garter appointed to assist at the Anointing clad in their dark blue mantles, there too was seen the thin spare form of the new Prime Minister of England, and the two Archbishops vested in magnificent white damask copes, the one of them bending beneath the weight of upwards of fourscore years.

A signal was given and the stately music to which Sir Hubert Parry has set the opening Anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me" broke upon the ear. Very beautiful and dignified it sounded, but it engaged little attention, for all eyes were fixed upon the vision of lovely womanhood presented by Her Gracious Majesty the Queen. There she came with bare head, supported on either side by Bishops of Oxford and Norwich, and preceded by her Chamberlain and Regalia-bearers; following her came twelve Maids of Honour and Bedchamber ladies, whose magnificent trains, as they lay spread out upon the floor of the Church, were a sight to behold.

Then another pause, and King Edward VII. in his Royal crimson robe of State, the central figure of all this great ceremony was seen, walking to universal delight as firmly as though he had never known a day's illness, surrounded with his glittering troupe of Regalia-bearers, and followed by the picturesquely dressed Yeomen of the Guard.

The procession, glorious and lengthy, was at an end; the King and Queen were conducted to their chairs on the south side of the Sanctuary, and Archbishop Temple's strident voice was heard asking the people of England for their Recognition of the new Sovereign. With one loud acclaim came the answer, "God save King Edward VII." Once only, instead of four times, did the Recognition take place, and then the aged Archbishop made his way to the north side of the High Altar, and began the Service of Holy Communion, the Sermon being omitted. As soon as Wesley's beautiful Creed had been performed by the musicians, another striking scene took place, the ministering of the Oath. All ears were strained to catch the sound of the words. Archbishop Temple was faintly heard in the distance, but when the time came for the King to make his final declaration, his strong, clear tones, which carried to the uttermost limits of the choir, if not beyond, amazed everyone. The Oath was signed, and the great Bible duly kissed, and then came the Anointing.

Four pages were seen advancing from the Confessor's Chapel carrying in their hands the gleaming white and gold canopy, which they set in its position above the Coronation chair and delivered it to the four Earls, Rosebery, Cadogan, Spencer and Derby. Meanwhile King Edward was stripped of his crimson Parliament robe and his Cap of Estate by the Lord Great Chamberlain, and, supported by the Bishops of Durham and Bath and Wells on either side, he was placed in the venerable Coronation chair. Handel's time-honoured music, first composed for the Coronation of George II. and Queen Caroline, now resounded throughout the Abbey, during the singing of which, in order to expedite matters, the Anointing actually took place. This was, of course, performed by Archbishop Temple, while he was assisted in this, and practically all the other ceremonies, by Dr. Duckworth, the Sub-Dean. Dean Bradley was present in person, but age and infirmity prevented him from taking much part in the highly elaborate and complicated ceremonial. When Handel's music had drawn to a close the unction was over, the canopy was removed, and the remainder of the ceremonial, military and ecclesiastical, was proceeded with. One by one the sacred Coronation vestments, resplendent with glorious gold work, were placed upon our new Sovereign. The Sword of State was girded upon him and subsequently redeemed by the Marquess of Londonderry. The Orb and the Ring were duly placed, the one on the third finger, the other in His Majesty's right hand, the two Sceptres were delivered, and then came the supreme climax of all. Everyone waited in almost breathless anticipation. Every second seemed to last as long as an entire minute, and then there came one wild burst of tumultuous applause of "God save the King," as Archbishop Temple, assisted by his brother prelates, solemnly placed the Crown—the ensign of sovereignty—upon the brow of our Seventh Edward. Peals of trumpets followed from the organ-loft, the firing of the Abbey bells, and the distant booming of the guns at the Tower and in St. James's Park might be heard. Then came solemn words of Blessing, and the King was "lifted," to quote the technical phrase, into the gorgeous throne prepared for him upon the theatre. The Homage was wonderfully beautiful, as the gorgeously clad prelates and the no less gorgeous peers knelt around their new Monarch, and repeated the solemn oath. Meanwhile Sir Frederick Bridge's new anthem, "Kings shall see and arise, Princes also shall worship," was executed with brilliant and conspicuous success. When this

truly beautiful composition had come to an end the drums and the trumpets resounded once more, and the shout went up again—"God save King Edward, Long Live King Edward, May the King live for ever." The Coronation of Queen Alexandra, simple though it appears by comparison, was strangely beautiful and had wonderful pathos of its own. The officiant at this portion of the ceremonial was his Grace the Archbishop of York, while at the Anointing the four Knights of the Garter were replaced by four of our loveliest Duchesses, those of Sutherland, Portland, Marlborough and Montrose. The placing of the new gleaming Crown, with its eight different arches upon the Queen's brow was the signal for all our noble ladies to place their own Coronets upon their heads, and a wonderful feature did this act lend to the general beauty of the scene.

Then followed one of the most effective pieces of the entire Coronation, when, to the sound of the magnificent piece of improvisation upon the great organ by Mr. Walter Alcock, the crowned and anointed Queen Consort took up her station, surrounded by her own pages and regalia-bearers, and attended by the Mistress of the Robes.

Without further delay the Archbishop proceeded with the Offertory, during which an exquisitely beautiful little anthem by Purcell was sung. The offerings of bread and wine, of two crimson palls and the traditional ingot and mark of gold having been performed in accordance with tradition, the prayer for the Church Militant followed, and the whole of this glorious and unique event in English history was crowned in the most sacred possible manner by the consecration and administration of the Holy Communion. This portion of the ceremony was of course familiar to most persons, and obviously calls for comparatively little comment. When at length, however, the final benediction had been pronounced by the Venerable Primate, strains of loud Thanksgiving were heard as Dr. Stanford's popular *Te Deum* in B flat was performed. The King and Queen repaired to their respective "traverses" in the Confessor's Chapel, and preparations were forthwith made for the concluding procession. It was a long while as it seemed ere the chief figures made their reappearance, and in the meantime the National Anthem had been sung with the most enthusiastic loyalty, a brilliant voluntary had been executed upon the organ by Mr. Alcock and the Kaiser-Marsch by Wagner had commenced. Then took place quite the most touchingly beautiful scene of all as Queen Alexandra was conducted down the nave. Weariness and excitement proved almost too much for our beloved Queen, for she leant her arm upon that of the Bishop of Oxford, whose noble and handsome features and the splendid robe in which he was arrayed all combined with Her Majesty's own dazzling beauty to render a picture in which the greatest of artists would revel. Last of all came the King, preceded by his own Regalia-bearers as before, though wearing on this his return journey his purple robes of estate. A storm of cheering broke forth from His Majesty's loyal subjects in the nave, headed off by the Westminster Boys, and then this gorgeous, unique, and most touching spectacle was gathered, like its predecessors before it, within the walls of time.

A Song of Homage

By J. Russell Darbyshire

"The King will follow Christ, and we the King,
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.
Fall battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign!
So sang the knighthood moving to their Hall."
[Tennyson's "Coming of Arthur."]

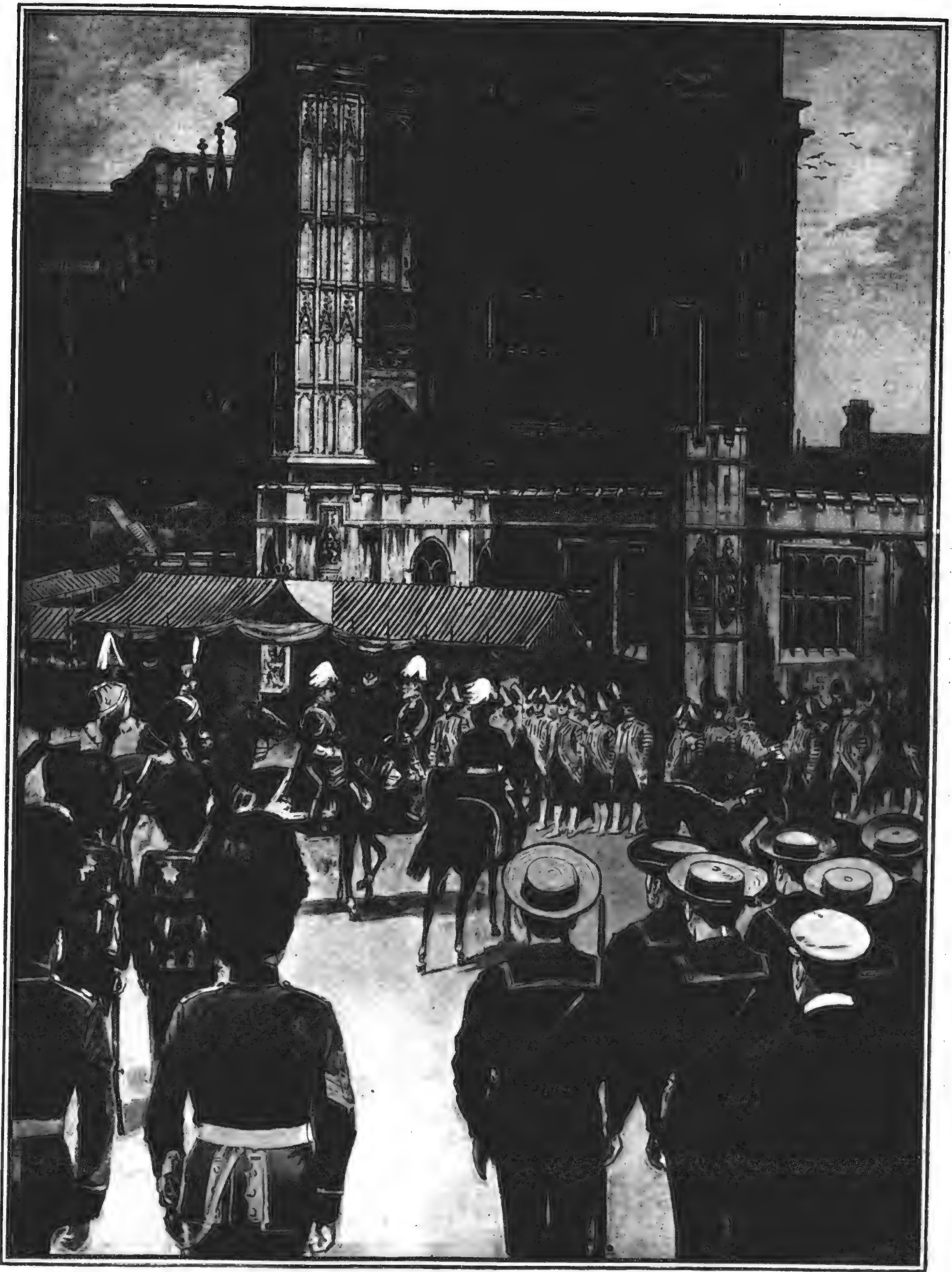
BLOW the loud trumpets, blow!
Our Royal Lieges to their sacring go,
And we to-day repeat the high refrain,
That Arthur's Halls once heard the knighthood sing:
"The King will follow Christ, and we the King.
Let the King reign."

Blow the loud trumpets, blow!
Ye bells responsive peal, and high and low
Shout myriads to greet our Lieges twain.
We love our King and his right loving Queen;
And love will be that hath already been.
So let them reign.

Blow the glad trumpets, blow!
No more to herald wars, and widowed woe,
But Peace restores sweet laughter once again.
Far dearer than the jewelled crown of gold,
This newly treasured olive wreath we hold.
Let the King reign.

Then Boer and Briton stand
Before our crowned monarch hand in hand
(Oh, welcome Peace, to rid us of the pain!),
United now this song of homage bring,
"The King will follow Christ, and we the King.
Let the King reign."

GOD SAVE THE KING.



Among the first to leave the Abbey at the close of the Service was the Headquarter Staff of the Army. These officers and others, among whom could be seen the Duke of Connaught, Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, and other well-known figures, immediately mounted their horses and waited for the

King to come out of the Abbey before proceeding on the return journey. Our illustration shows the view from Westminster Hospital

AFTER THE CEREMONY: WAITING FOR THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE DOOR OF THE ABBEY

DRAWN BY H. LANOS AND GEORGE SOFER

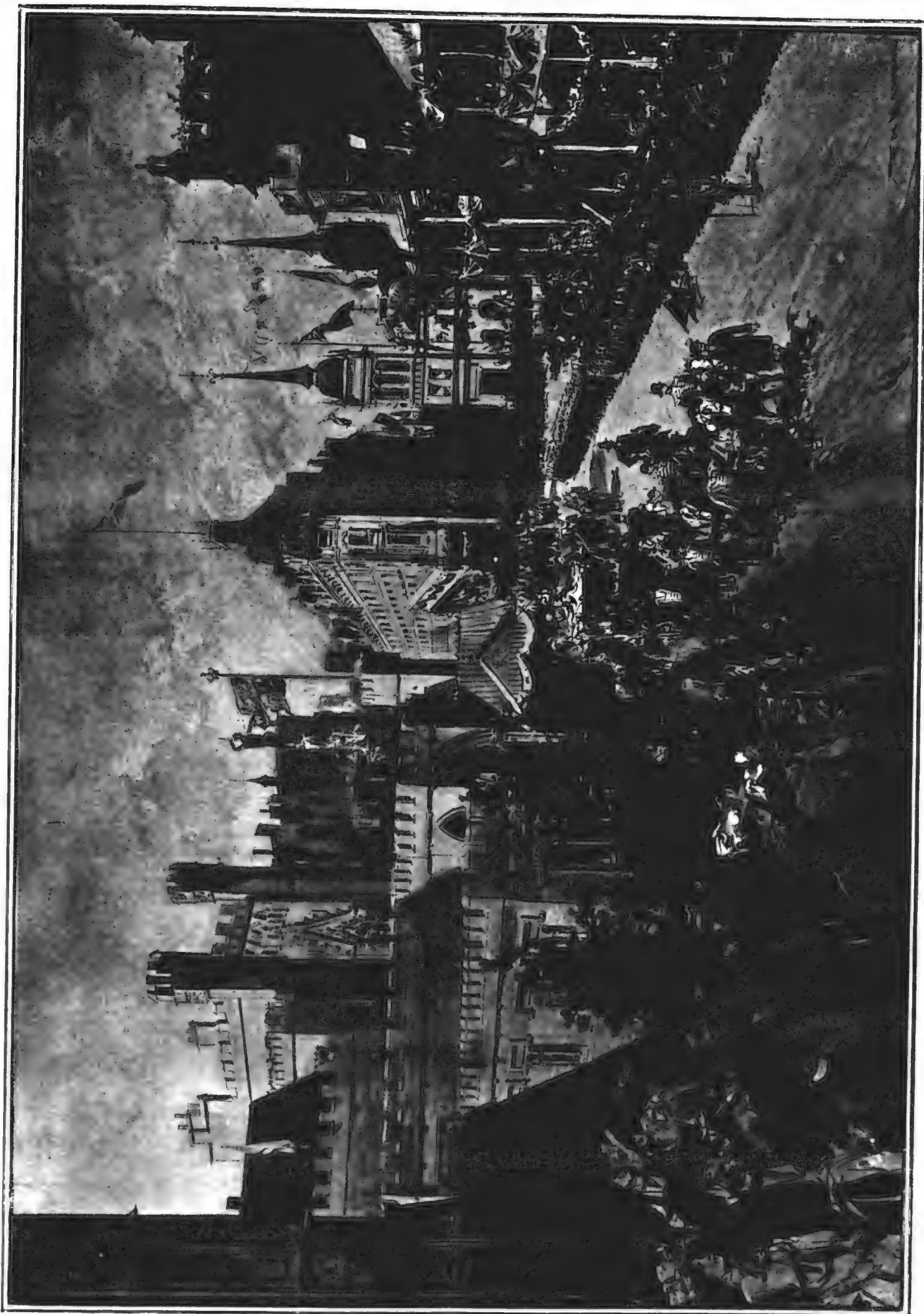


"Then the Lord who carries the Sword of State, delivering the said sword to the Lord Chamberlain (which is thereupon deposited in the traverse in Saint Edward's Chapel) he receives from the Lord Chamberlain, in lieu thereof, another sword, in a scabbard of purple velvet, provided for the King to be girt withal, which he delivereth to the Archbishop, and the Archbishop, laying it on the Altar, saith the following prayer:— 'Hear our prayers, O Lord, we beseech Thee, and so direct and support Thy servant King Edward, who is now to be girt with this sword, that he may not bear it in vain; but may use it as the minister of God for the terror and punishment of evil-doers, and for the protection and encourage-

ment of those that do well, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.' Then the Archbishop takes the Sword from off the Altar and (the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London and Winchester and other Bishops assisting, and going along with him) delivers it into the King's right hand, and he, holding it, the Archbishop saith:— 'Receive this kingly sword, brought now from the Altar of God, and delivered to you by the hands of us, the Bishops and servants of God, though unworthy.' The King, standing up, the Sword is girt about him by the Lord Great Chamberlain."

THE LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN GIRDING THE SWORD ON THE KING

DRAWN BY GORDON BROWN, R.I.



THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING THE ABBEY AFTER THE SERVICE

DRAWN BY F. DE HANEN

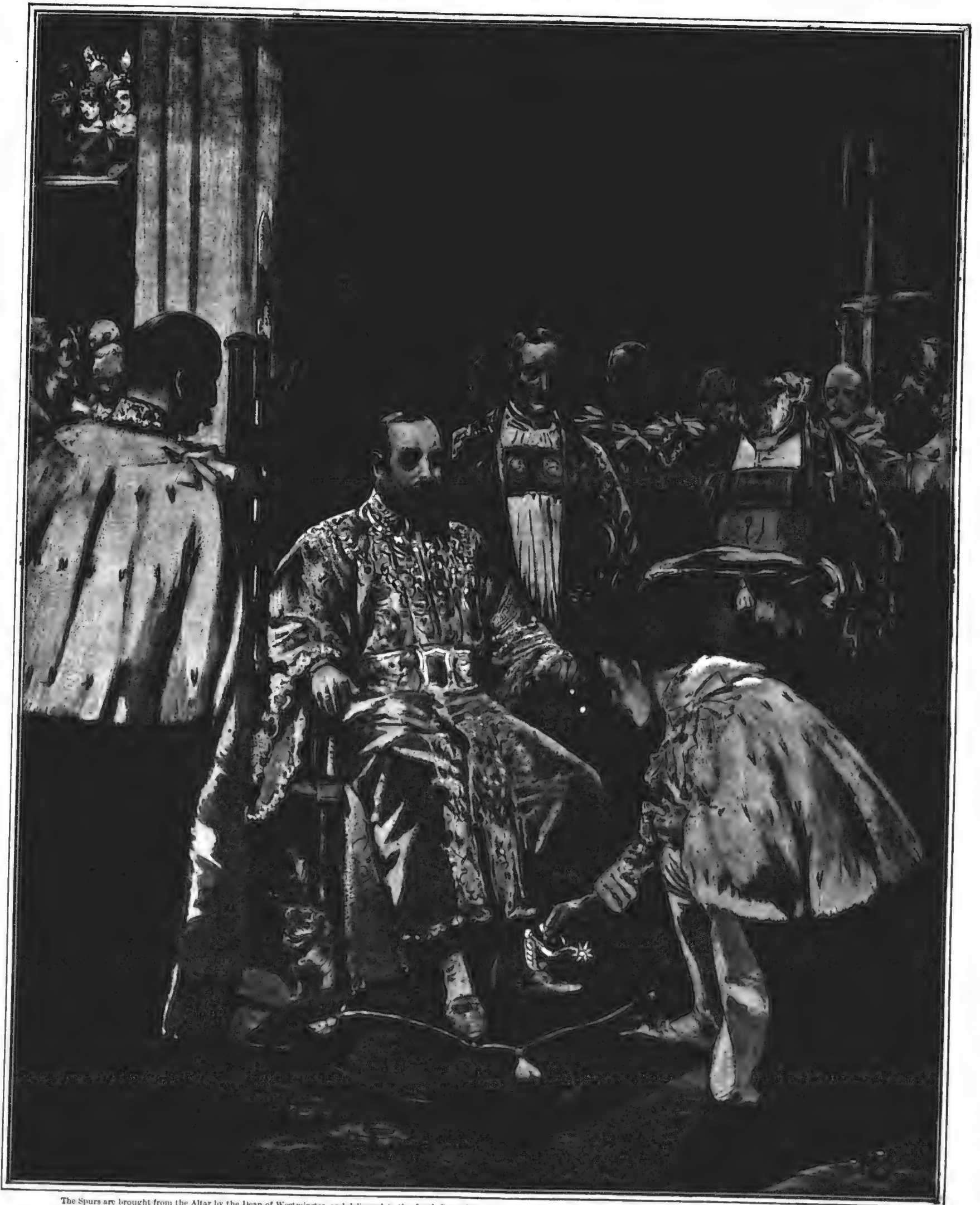


"The King and the Queen pass up through the Body of the Church, into and through the Choir, and so up the stairs to the Theatre; and having passed by their Thrones, they make their humble adoration,

and then, kneeling at the Faldstools set for them before their chairs, use some short private prayers; and after, sit down, not in their Thrones, but in their Chairs before, and below, their Thrones."

THE KING AND THE QUEEN KNEELING AT THE FALDSTOOLS IMMEDIATELY AFTER THEIR ENTRY

DRAWN BY W. SMALL



The Spurs are brought from the Altar by the Dean of Westminster, and delivered to the Lord Great Chamberlain, who, kneeling down, touches His Majesty's heels therewith, and sends them back to the Altar

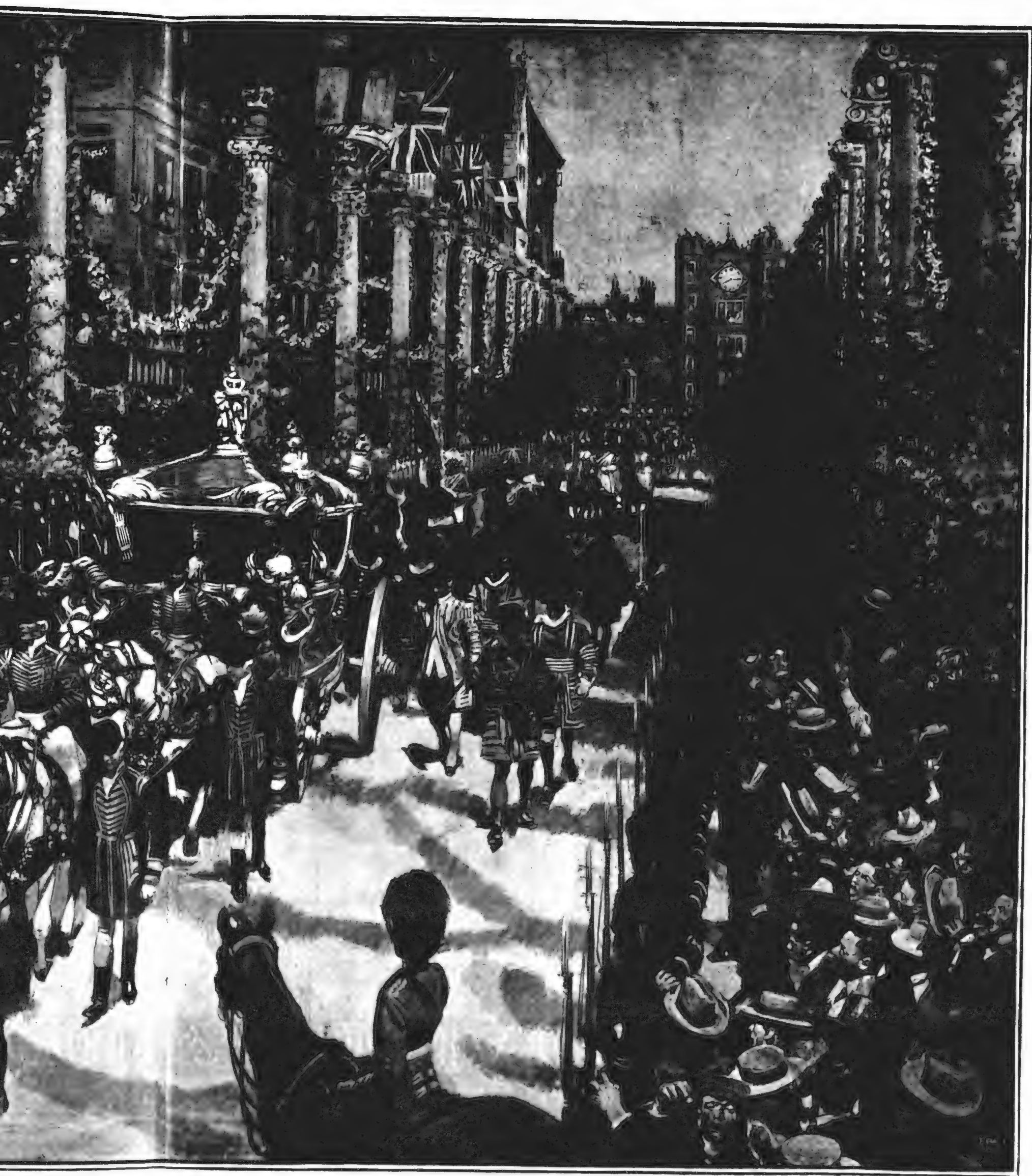
THE LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN PRESENTING THE SPURS TO THE KING

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



"CROWNED": THE KING AND QUEEN IN ST. JAMES'S STREET

DRAWN BY FRANK CRA



IN ST. JAMES'S STREET ON THE WAY BACK TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG



LORD VERNON
Photo by Debenham and Gould, Bournemouth



LORD SOMERS
Photo by W. U. Kirk and Sons, Cowes



THE DUKE OF LEINSTER
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin



THE EARL OF CALEDON
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin

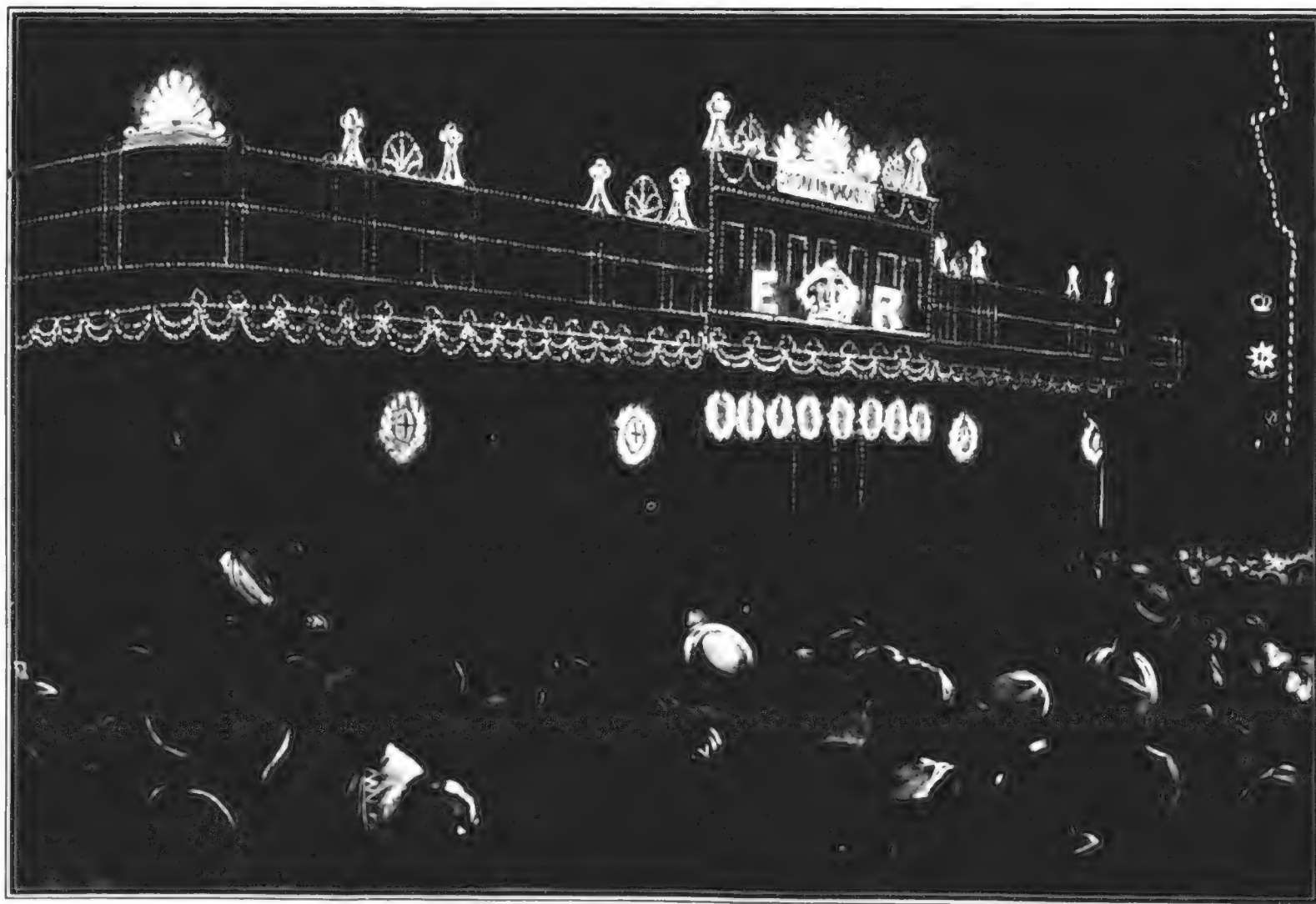
FOUR OF THE KING'S TRAINBEARERS

The Illuminations

Of all great holidays, when Londoners have given themselves up to rejoicing and festivity, the day of the Coronation, and so far as our present purpose is concerned, the night of the Coronation of King Edward VII. and his Queen will live longest in their hearts and minds. Saturday night was in many respects a night of extraordinary interest, the loyalty of the crowds eclipsing everything previously known. The multitudes, about which something more must be said presently, recognised the great import of the ceremonies of the day, and fittingly concluded so great a matter with a display of deep and unbounded loyalty. There are certainly no records of such vast, such never-ending, and yet such perfectly decorous crowds having collected in our streets before, determined upon one purpose, as were seen on Saturday night. As if by pre-arranged accord the general trend was first towards the City, to the open space upon which front the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange and the Mansion House. At this spot at a very early hour of the evening there was no room to move about. Rather was it struggling about. From every thoroughfare leading into it teeming crowds were surging ever towards the centre, while from the very depths of the earth loads upon loads more, who had travelled by the Central

London Railway, were being lifted up to the surface as fast as ever the machinery could be driven. As one looked upon this dense mass it seemed as if the pressure, already very heavy, would become too great, and bring with it results that might be disastrous. But the best of order prevailed. Once in so close a mass movement was impossible; and thousands upon thousands stood packed almost to suffocation—men, women, children, and even infants in arms—admiring the brilliant illuminations. These were indeed on a lavish and imposing scale. The Bank, outlined with twinkling crystal, and pretty lamps of all colours arranged with charming taste, never looked so gay and lightsome before. The Mansion House, with all its graceful outlines marked with coloured lamps, crimson, green and amber, shone and glittered with splendour, and the Royal Exchange, resplendent in crystal glass of many shades and in patriotic devices, added to the intense brilliance of this space, and helped to throw into greater relief the towering and sombre buildings. From the edges of this concourse of people, great numbers anxious to see what else London had to show them that night passed along Fleet Street, the Strand, Trafalgar Square and Pall Mall, their progress being a dazzling one indeed. Every house had its patriotic badge of light or its message of loyal affection. The arrangements for the crowds of sightseers were of the best

description. The police, taking up their stand in the centre of each road, successfully kept all the people going one way to one side of the road, and all those going in the opposite direction to the other side. All confusion and bustling were therefore avoided. Vehicular traffic was entirely suspended. In clubland and near the Government Offices, Pall Mall was all ablaze, but the character of the illuminations in St. James's Street was different. Here there was less boldness, fewer startling effects, but in every case the crowns and letters were arranged as to position and colour with charming taste, the exquisite decorations of the daytime adding to the soft and floral appearance. Adequately to express the aspect of Piccadilly is very difficult. From many points of view it stood first for the excellence and the profusion of its illuminations. It was an entrancing view the spectators had on turning from St. James's Street. Every one of the large and fashionable hotels, every club, and all the houses of the wealthy and great, glowed and flashed and twinkled with myriads of many-coloured lamps. From end to end the incalculable masses of people walked in a brilliant light, closely packed against the railings of the Park on the south, and as closely against the houses on the north. As one looked towards the west, down the gentle slope towards the rising ground approaching Hyde Park Corner one could see spread out right across the broad street



THE GRAND ILLUMINATIONS AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND

DRAWN BY GEORGE ROPER





"The King sitting down in King Edward's Chair, the Archbishop, assisted with other Bishops, comes from the Altar; the Dean of Westminster brings the Crown, and

the Archbishop taking it of him reverently putteth it upon the King's head. At the sight whereof the People, with loud and repeated shouts, cry, 'God Save the King;' the Peers and the Kings of Arms put on their Coronets; and the Trumpets sound, and by a Signal given the great Guns at the Tower are shot off."

"THE ENSIGN OF SOVEREIGNTY": THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY PLACING THE CROWN ON THE KING'S HEAD
DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD



All the confectioners were raised early in the day. This is what the Browns found when tired and famished they wandered round in search of food.



Smith took guinea seats on a roof, but his wife, who is rather stout, needed much persuasion before she could be got through a rather narrow trap-door.



When Tonkins and his wife arrived in London for the Coronation this was all the accommodation they could find.

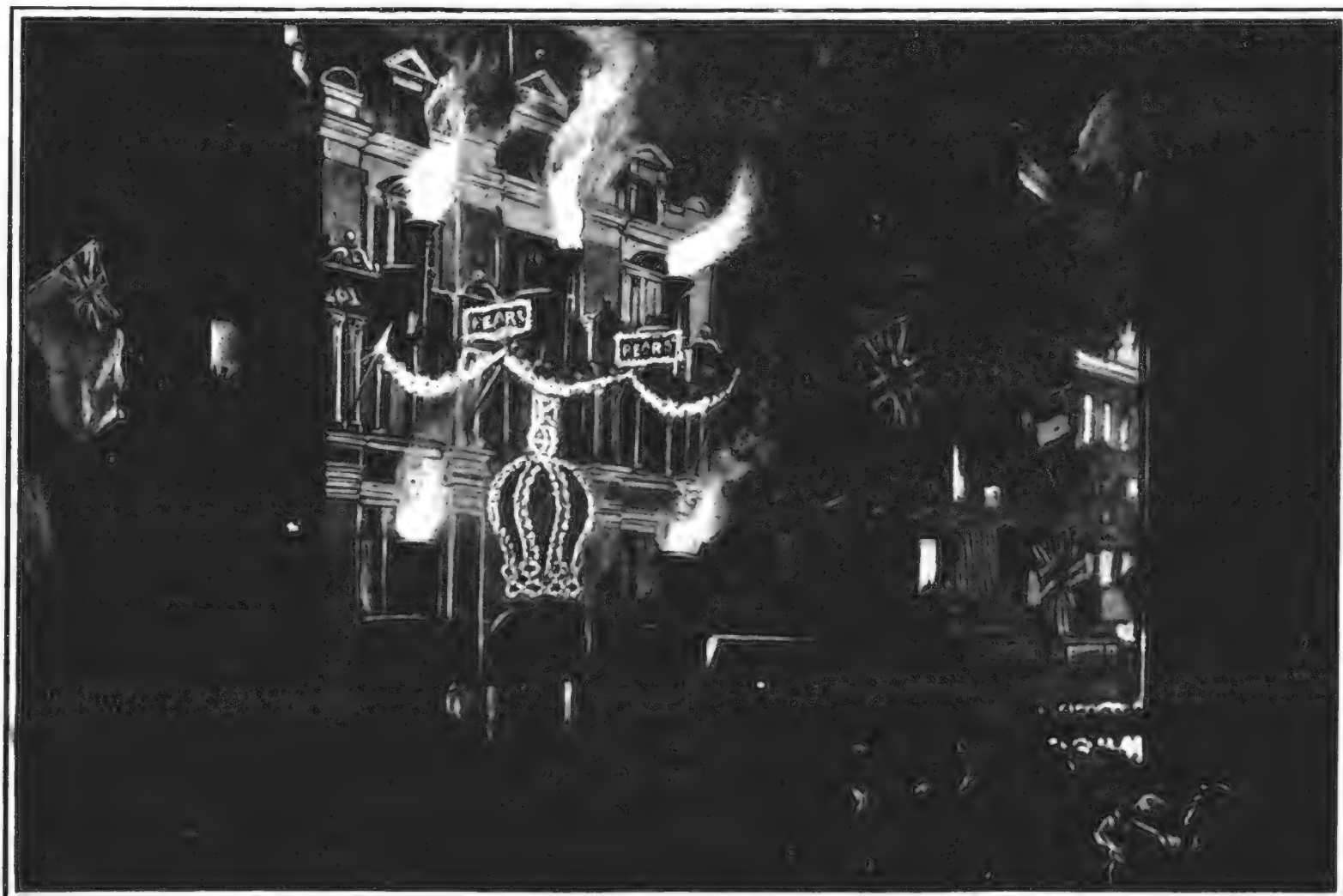
HUMOURS OF CORONATION DAY

a perfect sea of faces in two broad currents moving in opposite directions. The sight was profoundly impressive. On one side, night, unbroken and intense, seemed to hang over the park enclosed by the trees beyond the high railings; and on the other were the houses, masses of splendour. And at intervals, from far across the silent park, came the white flashes of a searchlight, poised above a glittering crown at the summit of the tower of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral.

If one house more than another deserved special mention it was Bath House, Piccadilly, which was long and enthusiastically admired. Such triumphs of decoration and illumination are few indeed, and Bath House well deserved its praise. In the neighbourhood of Marlborough House there were dense crowds during the whole of the evening. Here the decorations were upon a bold and brilliant scale, the main lines of the large building being outlined with lamps and crystals which waved and flickered

gracefully as each breath of wind played over them. The whole was surmounted by a brilliant crown. York House and St. James's Palace were also brilliant with Royal badges.

London, indeed, was all illumination, with here and there, as at the Mansion House and the beautiful Canadian Arch, a specially attractive picture. And as if modestly shrinking from the fires that had been kindled in honour of its august Sovereign and his Consort, Buckingham Palace stood sombre and silent.



THE ILLUMINATIONS AT MESSRS. A. AND F. PEARS' IN NEW OXFORD STREET

DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER



"The Te Deum being ended, the King is lifted up into his Throne by the Archbishops and Bishops, and other Peers of the Kingdom; and being inthronised, or placed therein, all the great officers, those that bear the sword and the sceptre, and the nobles who had borne the other regalia, stand round about the steps of the Throne; and the Archbishop, standing before the King, saith:—'Stand firm, and hold fast from henceforth the seat and state of Royal and Imperial dignity, which is this day delivered unto

you, in the name and by the authority of Almighty God, and by the hands of us the bishops and servants of God, though unworthy. And as you see us to approach nearer to God's altar, so vouchsafe the more graciously to continue to us your Royal favour and protection. And the Lord God Almighty, whose ministers we are, and the stewards of His mysteries, establish your Throne in righteousness, that it may stand fast for evermore, like as the sun before Him, and as the faithful witness in heaven. Amen."

THE INTHRONISATION OF THE KING

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN



"The King and Queen deliver their Sceptres to the Noblemen who had previously borne them, and descend from their Thrones, supported and attended as before, and go to the steps of the Altar, where, taking off their Crowns, which they deliver to the Lord Great Chamberlain and other appointed officer to hold, they kneel down." [Here follows the Ante-Communion Service.] "When the Archbishop and Dean

of Westminster, with the Bishops' Assistants, namely, the Preacher, and those who read the Epistle and Gospel, have communicated in both kinds, the King and Queen shall advance to the steps of the Altar and kneel down, and the Archbishop shall administer the Bread, and the Dean of Westminster the Cup to them."

THE KING AND THE QUEEN RECEIVING THE HOLY COMMUNION AFTER THEIR CORONATION

DRAWN BY G. F. JACOMB HOOD, R.I.

Impressions of the Coronation

BY ONE WHO SAT IN THE NAVE

The writer of these lines will merely attempt to give his own impressions of the imposing and beautiful ceremony of August 9th, and not intercalate other people's testimony.

In order to see everything from the beginning he started at seven fifteen in the morning, and driving with scarcely a stop through streets but thinly crowded and well policed, drew up outside the north entrance to the Abbey at 7.30. Passing through a labyrinth of whitewashed (?) deal corridors and timber alleys, he entered the north nave through a tight corkscrew passage and sat on his allotted space of sixteen inches on the benches of the ground tier. Underneath the seat was a convenient space for hats, there was a comfortable back rail and a plush-covered ledge in front. On each seat was placed a little red-covered book of the Service and the programme of the processions. Every person coming in was swiftly and surely shown to his or her seat by "goldsticks," whose pleasant courtesy and ready sympathy did much to alleviate the loudly expressed complaints of the inevitable pushful persons who announced to those whom it did not concern "that there had been an awful muddle somewhere," and that their sons, daughters, sisters and brothers were by every law, human and divine, entitled to be there, had been promised a seat by the highest in the land, and were now sitting waiting dressed and ready to come at a summons if only the "muddle" could be cleared up and the missing tickets sent. As a matter of fact every available seat was carefully allotted, and in the whole of the nave the pressent writer only noticed three places which remained unoccupied by their expected tenants.

The decorations and seating arrangements of the Abbey (in the nave at any rate) struck me as being in excellent taste, and as interfering as little as possible with the beauty of the architecture. The splendid carpet, which ran nearly the length of the Abbey, was in varying shades of greenish blue (what would—wrongly—be called *peacock* blue by the trade). The plush covering the barricade on either side of the nave was of the same tint, and this blue, alternating with amber yellow, reappeared in the hangings screening the front of each tier of seats. The contrast of this blue and amber yellow with the reddish grey of the Abbey stone was most agreeable to the eye. The strong timber supports of the seating being painted dark reddish grey became confused with the masonry.

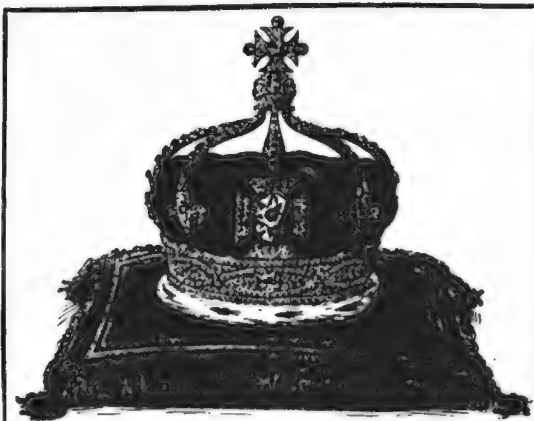
Against this background of reddish grey, blue, and amber, the scarlet uniforms, the rose-pink mantles of the Grand Crosses of the Bath; the white, oyster, bluish tint dresses, white gauze veils, tiny white plumes of the women; the blue and red, pale blue, dark blue mantles of the various "Grand Crosses;" the black and gold or black and white uniforms of officials, or Court dresses of non-officials stood out in most effective contrast of vivid colours, white, and black.

The guests of the first order—those who were to sit in the "Theatre" (Chancel) of the Abbey, all around by the west door, began to appear at eight o'clock. First came a sprinkling of Peers and Peeresses, then guests of importance not in the processions, then more Peers, then Envoys not in the processions, and lastly the formal processions themselves, which lasted from about ten to twelve o'clock, and again after the ceremony from 1.30 to 2.30. As a rule the Peers and Peeresses carried themselves well, but a few of the men among them wore skimpy robes, and several Peeresses floated dup the blue carpet smiling graciously to their friends and never knowing that no kindly hand had duly spread the velvet train before they started, so that they trailed behind them a reversed and cockly ugliness of grey lining.

Most picturesque amongst the Envoys was Ras Makonnen, the Abyssinian representative, with his slim, panther-like form, his lustrous eyes, pointed beard, and beautiful golden dress. Among women, the dress which impressed the present writer most was that of Princess Henry of Bless—a blue and gold mist.

The formal processions may be said to have begun with the clergy.

The official programme gave no idea of the intervals which took place, dividing the processions into many distinct parts and adding greatly to their effectiveness. The Royalties commenced with the Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, leading little Lady Alexandra Duff. Early in the order came the Prince and Princess of Wales, the King himself did not pass up the nave till twelve o'clock. His Majesty walked—apparently with no support but the carrying of his train—with firmness, and with such a bright, cheery countenance



This crown was manufactured by Messrs. Carrington and Co., Regent Street
THE QUEEN'S CROWN

as made it difficult of belief that he could be barely recovered from a dangerous operation.

Writing as one whose knowledge of music is uncritical, I should say that the music composed or arranged for this great occasion was wholly worthy of the glorious pageantry. It was not only full of original and obvious melody, but was characterised by theatrical appropriateness, had several touches of delightful originality (such as the jaunty secular march of the clergy), and a purposed note here and there of deliberate blatancy—the expression of full-blooded joy, answering to the scarlet of the soldiers' uniforms. Of such were the almost harsh cries from the trumpeters in the choir, "Hail to thee Queen Alexandra (or words to that effect, their purpose not wholly distinguishable), and the similar but lengthened greetings to the King as he passed into the Chancel. These greetings—affection and enthusiasm, brushing aside respect—were sung or shouted by deep bass voices, and suggested outbursts which may have occurred among priests and warriors in the days of such coronations as Charlemagne's.

Of the processions, coming and going, I should say their arrangement was perfection—perhaps the finest pageantry I have ever seen. Only one item provoked risibility, and that was the Lord Chancellor, returning after the crowning, with his enormous coronet poised on the top of a wig, which, itself, is an unnecessary opera bouffe burlesque, dating only from the end of the seventeenth century, and, therefore, not justified by sacrosanct antiquity. An audible titter and many murmurs from "Iolanthe" of "And I, my Lords, embody the Law," saluted his passage; the previous hearty cheering for the crowned King and Queen having relaxed the reverence due to the auditorium of a church.

The impression, perhaps, that remained most on my mind, was the predominance, for once, of male over female beauty on this occasion. The Guardsmen, who were posted on either side of the nave during the processions, were very nearly ideal types of young vigorous manhood; the Yeomen of the Guard with their ample figures, pointed, bristling beards, were in the full ripe autumn of virility, while such types in such costumes as the Duke of Roxburgh, were Crusaders as splendid as any that took Constantinople. But my paradox does not stop here. The palm for beauty on this occasion must be laid at the feet of the elderly men, the "grave and reverend signors," who had probably never touched the fringe of loveliness since they were golden-haired children. Those of this class, who were Knights of the Garter, Knights Grand Cross, or the other orders of chivalry, surpassed in beauty of costume the Peers in their robes and exotic Princes from the East. The grey head, the sunken cheeks and prominent cheekbones did but harmonise with the beautiful colour, the silken sheen of the flowing mantle with its loops and tassels and the vaguely creamy white legs and body, as does the lean, small, sparsely-feathered head of certain birds fitly crown with a quiet mastery the unmeasured loveliness of gorget, back, tail and outspread wings and the comely down of snowy underparts and limbs. It seemed appropriate that these beautiful males should advance majestically up the aisle accompanied by timid, unobtrusive

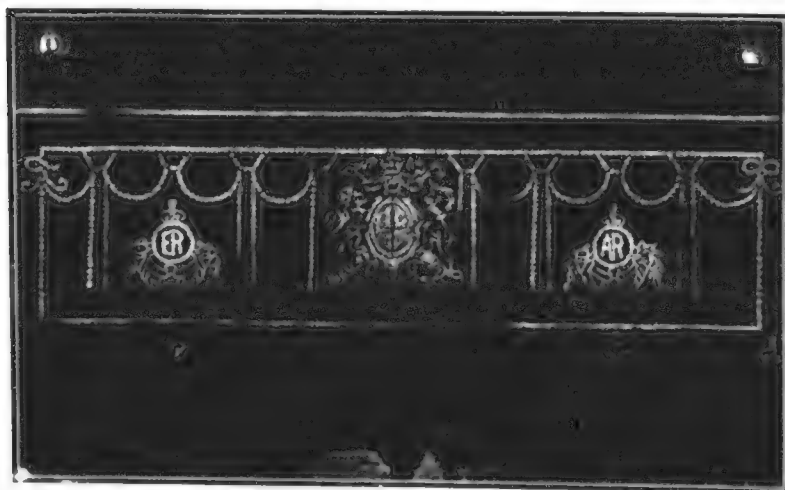
hens in modest white or grey, wearing topknots of white plume reduced to the smallest dimensions.

For once mankind might have been adequately portrayed by "Belle" or "Madge" or "Virginia." With truth these ladies have no doubt already written that "Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman looked lovely in pink, and Sir Joseph Hooker was a dream of beauty in the palest blue." Undoubtedly, of all the Orders represented, the costume of the Knights Grand Cross of the Bath easily carried off the palm of beauty of colouring and stateliness of outline. It may be said: have been the handsomest costume at the Coronation. The ample mantle, which at times envelopes the whole figure, should theoretically be crimson satin lined with white, but with one accord all the tailors had rendered "crimson" by the deep rose-pink of those roses (I forget their names) which smell sweetest. The large badge in gold and white on the left shoulder, the golden cords and tassels, the least possible limit of a black and gold chest and tail, the white Kerseymer breeches and silk stockings—turned to blush-tint and ecru by reflected glow, and only half revealed through golden loops and tassels and folds of white silk and rosy satin—relieve the monotony of rose-red; while the grey hair and time-worn face with eyes dwelling most on futurity give a reverent finish to a costume which has probably never been bettered as a State garb of a dignitary.

H. H. J.

Coronation Mementos

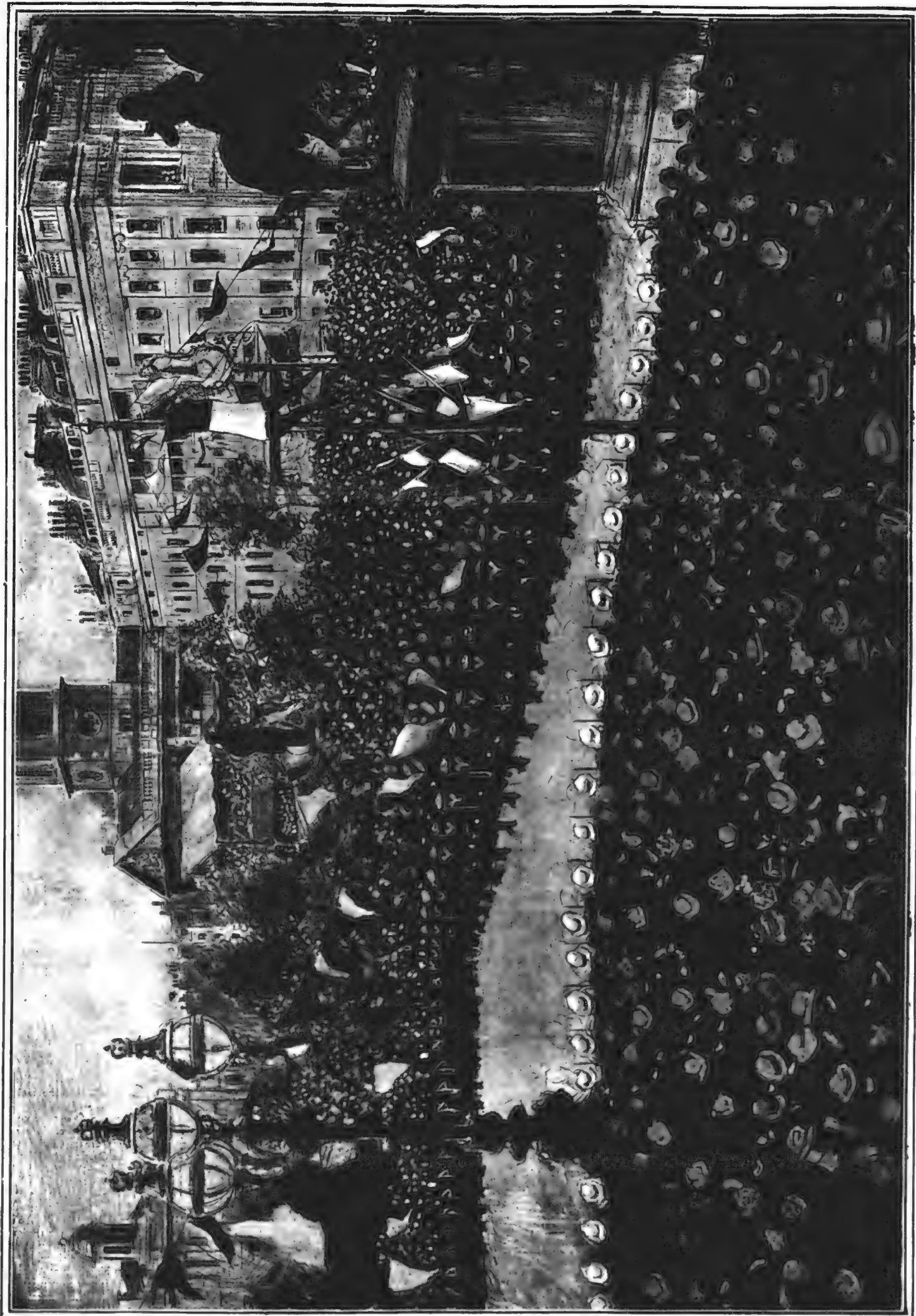
FIVE persons out of six, if asked what they imagined to be the most popular mementos of the Coronation, would give his vote to the Coronation button, as the most popular souvenir of the times; and the Coronation button, with portraits of the King and Queen is undeniably a sort of quite unostentatious decoration that nearly everybody has bought in some form or other. It has completely swept out of the market the War button, with the exception of a button on which the portrait of Lord Kitchener has been surmounted by the word "Peace." But the button is not the real memento of the Coronation. That distinction is reserved for the Coronation mug. The memento mug has been growing in esteem ever since the first of Queen Victoria's Jubilees; and such is the demand for it at this historic period that it would almost seem as if every inhabitant of the British Islands were going to be furnished with one, either as a purchase or a gift. There is no mistaking the Coronation mug. It bears portraits of the Sovereign and the Sovereign's Consort; and it resembles the British character in that though it will bend it can never break. It is iron painted to look like porcelain; and more than three millions of it have already been sold. It must not be thought, however, that buttons, and mugs are the sole mementos, or even the only conspicuous tokens of the Coronation. There were the medals—medals with portraits, medals with the crown on top, medals tied with red, white and blue, medals with the khaki ribbon, medals with the flag, gilt medals, tin medals, medals with a short biography of the King—"Edward VII. of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King; Emperor of India. Born, 1841; Married, 1863; Proclaimed, February, 1901; Crowned, August, 1902." The spoons, too, tokens which, like the medal and the hooter, were borrowed for their memorial significance from the other side of the Atlantic, they are of all qualities and prices, and are alike only in respect of their commemorative aspect. There was the spoon for a penny, the gilt spoon, with a farthing of the current coinage appended, which one could buy for sixpence; and the similar spoon with a bowl hollowed out of a penny and the farthing decorating its handle. That was a shilling. There were sixpenny Coronation brooches, in which the same gilt farthing may or may not present the image and superscription of the King, there were sleeve links and Coronation hatpins. There were paper plumes for decorating horses' heads or for tickling the nose of the abstracted passer-by; and there were all the by-products of Coronation busts, Coronation plaques and ash-trays, a Coronation chair which was filled with sweets, and a Coronation coach for twopence. It is rather curious, perhaps, that the Coronation has produced no very striking toy to mark its incidence; the only ingenious plaything which was something of a Kindergarten description, fell quite flat, and, apart from this, the chiefly novel ideas among the Coronation souvenirs were the coloured jockey caps like patriotic Chinese lanterns; some cardboard crowns, and the Coronation confetti stamped with the Royal Crown.



This illumination was designed by Messrs. William Sugg and Co., Ltd.
THE ILLUMINATION OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND, BURLINGTON GARDENS



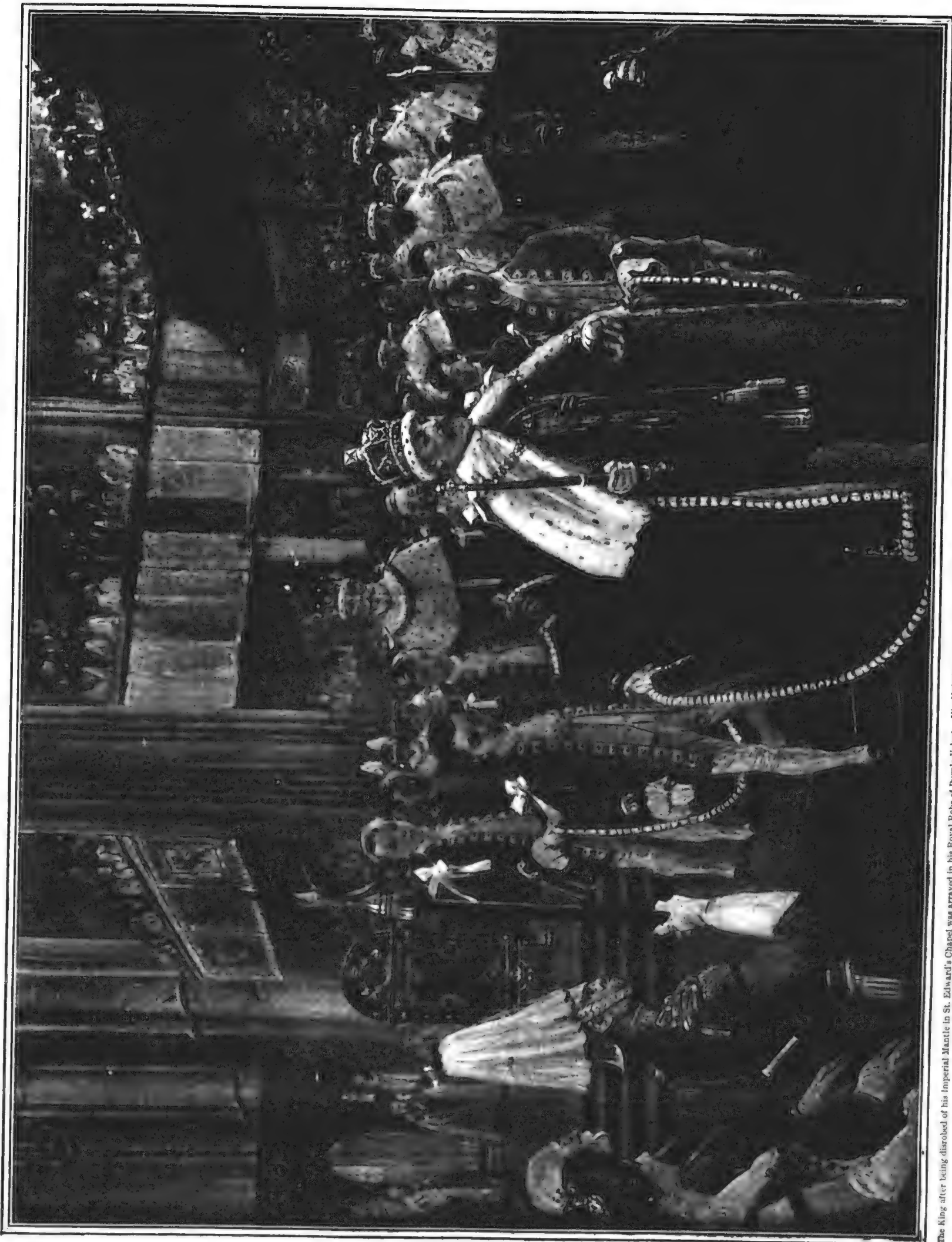
This illumination was designed by Messrs. Defries
THE ILLUMINATIONS AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE



Trafalgar Square was a favourite point from which to see the procession, and some of the crowd had begun to collect at midnight on Friday, and had actually waited for about fifteen hours when the procession passed. Our view was taken from a window in the offices of the Royal Patriotic Fund, by kind permission of Colonel Young, the Secretary.

A PATIENT CROWD: WAITING IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE TO SEE THE PROCESSION

DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON



The King after being disrobed of his Imperial Mantle in St. Edward's Chapel was arrayed in his Royal Robe of Purple Velvet. His Majesty, wearing his Imperial Crown, then received the Orb from the Archbishop and proceeded through the Choir to the west door, bearing in his right hand the Sceptre, with the Cross, and in his left the Orb.

THE KING LEAVING THE CHOIR AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE SERVICE

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET



1. BLUE FLOWERS FOR THE CORONATION

2. FROM THE EAST END

3. A PENNY GUIDE TO THE PROCESSION

4. SEEKING FOR LODGINGS

5. "WHO WOULDN'T BE A PEERESS": A SKETCH IN REGENT STREET
RANDOM SKETCHES IN THE STREETS

DRAWN BY "MARS"

THE KEYNOTE OF CREATION—CHANGE!

'Behold, we know not anything; I can but trust that good shall fall At last—far off—at last, to all.'—Tennyson.
The World WOULD NOT TOLERATE long any great power or influence THAT WAS NOT EXERCISED for THE GENERAL GOOD.

THE ANTISEPTICS OF EMPIRE.

CIVILISATION OF THE WORLD.

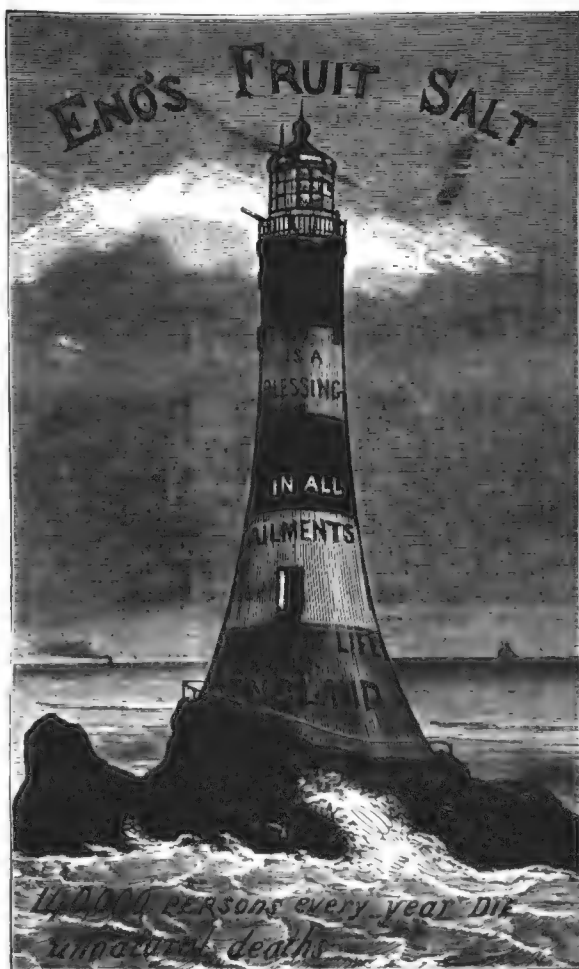
THE COMMAND OF THE SEA AND BRITISH POLICY.

BRITAIN MUST EITHER LEAD THE WORLD, OR MUST UTTERLY PERISH AND DECAY AS A NATION.

THE COMMAND OF THE SEA AND BRITISH POLICY.

"AN ISLAND," he pointed out,
"REQUIRED for its PERFECT DEFENCE
THE COMMAND OF THE SEA.
ONE of the CONSEQUENCES of
THE COMMAND of the SEA was that
THE COASTS of the WORLD were peculiarly
UNDER the INFLUENCE of the NATION that Held it.
BUT THOUGH the POWER GIVEN
BY the COMMAND of the SEA
WAS SO GREAT,
IT WAS CONDITIONED by a MORAL LAW.
THE WORLD WOULD NOT TOLERATE LONG
ANY GREAT POWER OR INFLUENCE
THAT WAS NOT EXERCISED
FOR THE GENERAL GOOD.
THE BRITISH EMPIRE could subsist
ONLY SO LONG as it was a USEFUL AGENT
FOR the GENERAL BENEFIT of HUMANITY.
THAT HITHERTO SHE had obeyed this law we might
fairly claim.
SHE had used her almost undisputed monopoly of the ocean
TO INTRODUCE LAW and CIVILISATION all over
the globe.
SHE had DESTROYED PIRACY and the SLAVE TRADE
AND HAD OPENED to the TRADE of ALL NATIONS
EVERY PORT on the globe EXCEPT those that belonged
to the CONTINENTAL POWERS.
BUT ALL THIS led to the conclusion
THAT BRITAIN must either LEAD THE WORLD,
OR MUST UTTERLY PERISH and DECAY as a
NATION."

SPENSER WILKINSON'S Address at the ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTE.—'Spectator.'



WHICH MAY BE PREVENTED.

Read Pamphlet given with each bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

IN LIFE'S PLAY

THE PLAYER of the other side
IS HIDDEN from us.

WE KNOW that His play is
ALWAYS FAIR, JUST and PATIENT,
BUT we also know to our COST that He
NEVER OVERLOOKS A MISTAKE.—Huxley.

WAR!!

Oh, world!
Oh, men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay as if death had but this one gate?—Byron.

THE COST OF WAR.

"GIVE ME the MONEY that has been SPENT in WAR
AND I will PURCHASE EVERY FOOT OF LAND upon
the Globe;
I WILL CLOTHE every MAN, WOMAN, and CHILD in
an ATTIRE of which KINGS and QUEENS would be proud;
I WILL BUILD A SCHOOL-HOUSE on EVERY HILL-
SIDE and in EVERY VALLEY over the whole earth;
I WILL BUILD AN ACADEMY in EVERY TOWN and
endow it, a COLLEGE in EVERY STATE, and will fill it with able
professors;
I WILL crown every hill with a PLACE OF WORSHIP
consecrated to the promulgation of the GOSPEL of PEACE;
I WILL support in every PULPIT an able TEACHER of
righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should
answer the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference;
AND the VOICE of PRAYER and the SONG of PRAISE
SHOULD ascend like a UNIVERSAL HOLOCAUST to
heaven."—RICHARD.
WHY all this TOIL and STRIFE?
THERE is ROOM ENOUGH for ALL.
WHAT is TEN THOUSAND TIMES

MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR?

"I WILL TELL YOU WHAT IS TEN TIMES and TEN THOUSAND
TIMES MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR—OUTRAGED NATURE. SHE
KILLS AND KILLS, and is NEVER TIRED OF KILLING TILL SHE
HAS TAUGHT MAN THE TERRIBLE LESSON HE IS SO SLOW TO
LEARN, THAT NATURE IS ONLY CONQUERED BY OBEYING HER.
Man has his courtesies of war, he spares the woman and the child; but
Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is
obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity; for some awful but
most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the
sleeping child with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the
musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Ah! would to God that some man had the
pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of PREVENT-
ABLE SUFFERING—the mass of PREVENTABLE AGONY of MIND and
BODY—which exists in England!"—KINGSLEY.

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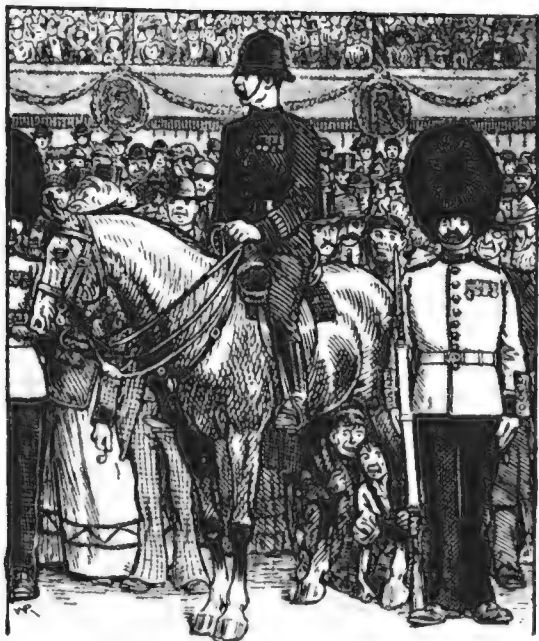
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A PRIVILEGED ONLOOKER



"Lor, Maria, 'ere's the King!"
"Garn! That's Lord Roberts. Can't you see 'is medals?"
ADMIRATION FROM THE GUTTER

HUMOURS OF THE CROWD ON THE DAY OF THE PROCESSION

Former British Coronations

THE Coronation ceremonies which are now used have been substantially the same since the accession of Ethelred II., A.D. 978. A detailed account of the ceremony has been preserved in the British Museum (Cottonian MSS.) "Two Bishops with the Witan shall conduct the King to the Church, and the Clergy and the Bishops shall sing the anthem 'Firmetur Manus tua' and the 'Gloria Patri.' On his arriving at the Church he shall prostrate himself before the altar and the 'Te Deum' shall be sung. When this is ended the King shall be raised from the earth, and having been chosen by the Bishops and people, shall with a loud voice before God and all the congregation promise that he will keep these three rules. The Coronation Oath:—In the name of Christ I promise three things to the Christian people my subjects: (1) That the Church of God and all the Christian people shall always

preserve true peace under our auspices; (2) That I will interdict rapacity and all iniquities to every condition; (3) That I will command equity and mercy in all judgments that to me and to you the great and merciful God may extend his mercy."

Then follow prayers, and after the anointing and crowning the King is given the Rod with the exhortation:—

"Take the Rod of Justice and Equity, by which thou mayest understand how to soothe the pious and terrify the bad; teach the way to the erring, stretch out thine hand to the faltering, abuse the proud, exalt the humble." Then follow the Benedictions, and the service concludes with this fine prayer:—

"May the Almighty Lord give thee, from the dew of heaven and the fatness of the earth, abundance of corn, wine and oil. May the people serve thee and the tribes adore thee! Be the lord of thy brothers, and let the sons of thy mother bow before thee. . . May the Almighty bless thee with the blessings of the heaven above, and in the mountains, and in the valleys . . . with the blessings of grapes and apples; and may the blessing of the ancient Fathers Abraham, Isaac and Jacob be heaped upon thee! Bless, Lord, the

courage of this Prince, and prosper the works of his hands; and by thy blessing may his land be filled with apples, with the fruits of the dewy heaven and of the deep below; with the fruit of the sun and moon, from the top of the ancient mountains, from the apples of the eternal hills, and from the fruits of the earth and its fulness . . . With his horn, as the horn of the rhinoceros, may he blow the nation to the extremities of the earth; and may he who has ascended the skies, be his auxiliary for ever."

The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle states that Alfred was sent to Rome by his father Ethelwulf as a child in 853, and that he was consecrated King by Pope Leo, and was subsequently crowned at Winchester in 871. The coronation of his grandson Athelstan is picturesquely described by Dean Hook. He was the first sovereign who took the title of King of the English. His coronation took place at Kingston-on-Thames, where he stood before the people, a thin, spare man, thirty years of age, with his yellow hair, beautifully interwoven with threads of gold. He was clothed in a purple vestment, and a Saxon sword in a golden sheath hung from a jewelled belt at his side. He sat upon a stone

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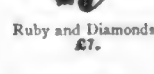
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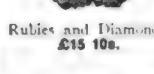


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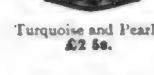
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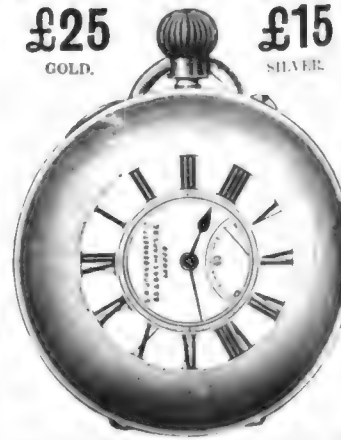
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IN THE CROWD: A FRIEND IN NEED
DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE, R.I.

seat, raised on a platform in the market-place, to be better seen by the people. He was then borne upon the shoulders of his men upon a target, they, from time to time, tossing him into the air, until they came to the doors of the church. Here Archbishop Aldhelm received him, and he advanced to the steps of the altar, where, after prostrating himself for some time in prayer, the Coronation ceremonies were performed. William I., as became a conqueror, was crowned with great magnificence. A new crown, inlaid with gems, was made for him. His coronation was held at Westminster on Christmas Day, 1066, by the Archbishop of York. William came to the city on Christmas Eve, to the Palace of Blackfriars. On the morning of his Coronation day he took boat to London Bridge, and from thence took part in a magnificent procession to the Abbey surrounded by the Norman banners and accompanied by the English nobles. The ceremony of election was gone through by the Archbishop, and William took the

oath of the Saxon Kings. Richard I. was twice crowned, as his re-investiture was considered essential after his captivity. His second Coronation took place at Winchester—the last trace of its old Saxon regal character. Henry IV.'s Coronation was signalled by the use of a special oil, which a religious man had given to Henry Duke of Lancaster, together with this prophecy, that the King anointed with this oil should be the Champion of the Church. This oil coming into the hands of Richard II., as he was looking among his jewels, going then into Ireland, he was desirous to be anointed with it, but the Archbishop of Canterbury told him it was not lawful to be anointed twice, whereon, putting it up again, at his coming to Flint, the Archbishop got it from him and kept it till the Coronation of King Henry.

The right of crowning the King had from very early times belonged to the Archbishop of Canterbury, but he was not always forthcoming. Mary, for instance, was crowned by the Bishop of Winchester, "the two archbishops being then in the Tower, with all rites and ceremonies of old accustomed." Elizabeth also was crowned "at the Abbey Church at Westminster by Dr. Oglethorpe, Bishop of Carlisle, with all solemnities and ceremonies in such case accustomed, and 'tis incredible what pageants and shows were made in the City as she passed." As she went to her Coronation she gave thanks to God for having "spared me to this joyful day; and I acknowledge that Thou hast dealt as wonderfully and as mercifully with me as Thou didst with Thy servant Daniel, whom Thou deliverest out of the den from the cruelty of the raging lions" (i.e., Mary).

There are abundant details of the Coronation of Charles II., and of his procession from the Tower. Both Evelyn and Pepys were present at these ceremonies, and have contributed an invaluable store of observation. The later Stuarts had an extravagant taste in Coronations. James II. and Mary of Modena were crowned with extreme magnificence, and, by the King's own orders, minute records of the Coronation were kept and elaborate engravings made, both of the processions and of the actual crowning, and the engravings are a very interesting memorial of the costumes of the period. One of the prints was shown at the Court of Coronation Claims only this year—the Lord Mayor of London basing a claim to carry a sceptre upon the print as one of his proofs of claim. The King and Queen withdrew from the banquet at seven o'clock, "well satisfied with the great order and magnificence that appeared in every part of this glorious ceremony." Before the Coronation of William and Mary took place, Mary resigned all claim to the succession as the daughter of James, and declared herself ready and desirous to have the Prince preferred to herself, which, being carefully published, gave a great satisfaction. On February 13, 1687, "The Prince and Princess being placed in two large seats under a canopy of State in the Banqueting House. The two Houses of Convention came to attend them in a full body." After the Declaration of Rights had been read, the Mayor of Halifax, who was then Speaker, "made a solemn tender of the Crown to their Highnesses in the name of both Houses, the representatives of the whole nation." William replied with the dignity and brevity that were characteristic of him:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—This is certainly the greatest proof of the trust you have in us that can be given, which is the thing that makes us value it the more. And we thankfully accept what you have offered."

The Coronation of George I. was performed with great magnificence and solemnity. "Several advances being before made in the



Jones saw nothing himself, but his wife had an excellent view

IN THE CROWD: SELF-SACRIFICE
DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE, R.I.

body of the Peerage to make the appearance more illustrious, to which the extraordinary brightness of the day and clearness of the weather (the time of year considered) did much to contribute. Only the lustre of their pomp happened to be clouded by an unhappy accident, some of the scaffolds built for the convenience of the spectators breaking down, by which several were killed and dangerously hurt. To these unfortunate persons the King was pleased to bestow many marks of his paternal tenderness and concern. Party feeling ran high at the time, and the Coronation Day was the occasion of great riots in many of the larger towns of England. The next Coronation was of happier augury. George II. and Queen Caroline were crowned together in 1727. The King, so says one frank chronicler, was of an insignificant appearance, "but this was compensated for, to some extent, by the dignity with which he bore himself." Very full details have been preserved of the Coronation of George III. Westminster Hall was laid open for the occasion, and galleries were arranged for spectators. Over the North Gate a balcony for musicians was erected. "It

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At the Opening of the Great Exhibition
The Royal Family, 1848
The King with his Brother, Prince Alfred
At the Tomb of Napoleon I.
Visiting Crimean Veterans
Sketching at Loch Laggan
The King at the Age of Fourteen
His First Stag
The Marriage of the Princess Royal
Prince Consort's Cenotaph
Funeral of Prince Consort
Ascending the Great Pyramid
Dining with the Sultan in Constantinople
The King as a Colonel in the Army
Queen Alexandra at the Time of her Marriage
The King Bringing Home his Bride
Coming of Age
A Royal Group on the King's Wedding Day
The King's Marriage
Eton Boys Welcoming Queen Alexandra
Queen Alexandra in her Wedding Dress
Visiting Russia in 1866
Receiving the Order of St. Patrick

The King and Queen in Egypt
Inspecting Crimean Battlefields
Reading the Bulletins during the King's Illness
Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's after the King's Recovery
Driving with Queen Alexandra during Convalescence
Entertaining the Shah
In the Hunting Field
A Shooting Party at Sandringham
The King as a Freemason
A Fancy Dress Ball at Marlborough House
Tiger-Shooting in India
An Elephant Procession at Jeypore
Queen Alexandra and her Children in 1875
With the Devon and Somerset Staghounds
Visiting Lord Beaconsfield at Hughenden
Marriage of the Late Duke of Albany
His Majesty in his Study
Visiting Ireland in 1885
Their Majesties' Silver Wedding
The Escort of Princes in the Jubilee Procession
The Jubilee Thanksgiving Service
Queen Alexandra and her Daughters
Marriage of Princess Louise
The Late Duke of Clarence
Funeral of Duke of Clarence
At the Opening of the Imperial Institute
Receiving a Deputation of Working Men
Marriage of the Prince of Wales
York Cottage, Sandringham
Garden Party at Marlborough House
Portrait of the King in 1893
At the Funeral of the Tsar Alexander III.

At Shakespeare's Tomb
At one of Queen Victoria's Drawing Rooms
Christening the Prince of Wales's Second Son
At a Shooting Party at Blenheim
Marriage of Princess Maud
Inspecting Massachusetts Artillery Company
The King's Horse Wins the Derby
The Diamond Jubilee in 1897
Thanksgiving Service at Diamond Jubilee
At Duchess of Devonshire's Costume Ball
Presenting Diamond Jubilee Medals to Colonial Troops
Review before Queen Victoria, Aldershot, 1898
Opening the National Gallery of British Art
On the Royal Yacht *Osborne*
Witnessing the Trooping of the Colour
Reviewing Volunteers at Aldershot
Proclaiming the King in the City
Queen Victoria's Funeral
The King's First Appearance after Queen Victoria's Funeral
His First Privy Council
Presenting a "King's Colour" to Strathcona's Horse
Last Visit to Empress Frederick
Pledging Prince of Wales on the *Ophir*
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was under this balcony that the Champion, attended by the Lord High Constable and the Earl Marshal, made their entrance on horseback into the Hall." The seats on scaffolding or "Coronation Theatres" let at a "most exorbitant price." The ground rents on which the scaffoldings were erected ran extremely high. For some parts were paid even then as much as £3 13s. 6d. a square foot. The ceremony lasted six hours, during which time the spectators in Westminster Hall "sat in darkness," till, on the return of the processions, there were illuminations. Here the Royal Party dined. Archbishop Secker, who crowned King George III., had baptised him, confirmed him when Prince of Wales, and married him at St. James's only a fortnight before the Coronation.

First of the Coronations of the last century was that of George IV., which took place on July 19, 1821, and which is remarkable as having transcended all previous coronations in magnificence and costliness. The enormous sum spent on it, 238,238*l.*, could not, however, produce the enthusiasm and goodwill of the preceding Coronation of George III. Popular sympathies had been strongly with George IV.'s unfortunate Queen, Caroline of Brunswick, for whose trial the Coronation ceremony had already been postponed, and who was refused admission to Westminster Abbey on the occasion of her husband's being crowned. Still the King made up in pageantry what he lacked in popularity.

The ceremony has already been described in a previous number, but we may mention that after the Crowning the King dined in State in Westminster Hall in his Coronation robes. The first course "consisted of twenty-four gold covers and dishes carried by as many gentlemen pensioners." Before the dishes were placed on the table the great doors at the bottom of the Hall were thrown open to the sound of trumpet and clarionets, and the Duke of Wellington, as Lord High Constable, the Lord High Steward and the Deputy Earl Marshal entered on horseback, "the two former on beautiful white horses gorgeously trapped."



"My gracious, an earthquake!" But it was only the guns in Hyde Park at 4.30 a.m.

CORONATION MORNING

DRAWN BY W. RALSTON

The Coronation of William IV. and Queen Adelaide cost only one-fifth of the money expended at the installation of George IV., 50,000*l.* being voted to cover the cost. After the ceremony there was a grand dinner given at St. James's. The old Royal banquet in Westminster Hall, with the attendant feudal ceremonies, were dispensed with. The Coronation of Queen Victoria has already been illustrated and described in our columns.

The Throne of England

"Methinks I sat in seat of majesty,
In the Cathedral Church of Westminster,
And in that chair where Kings and Queens are crowned."
Henry I.

Just as St. Edward's Crown, which was made for the Coronation of Charles II. in 1662, is the official crown of England, so St. Edward's Chair—known as the Coronation Chair—may be considered the official throne. Of all the pieces of furniture that exist in the world this is to English-speaking people, at least, certainly the most interesting. It is kept in the Chapel of St. Edward (Edward the Confessor) in Westminster Abbey, and, since the time of King Edward I., who brought it from Scotland in 1296 after his defeat of John Baliol, all the sovereigns of England have been crowned upon it, except Queen Mary I. It was even taken to Westminster Hall for the installation of Oliver Cromwell as Lord Protector. St. Edward's Chair is of thirteenth century workmanship and is the copy made for King Edward I. of the original which was constructed by Kenneth, King of Scotland, for the express purpose of containing the second stone of destiny which is beneath the seat. The chair is now in a sadly dilapidated condition, but originally it was represented with gilding, painting and mosaic. The

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chair rests upon four lions, one of which had a new face made for it at the Coronation of George IV.

THE STONE OF DESTINY

About the ancient stone beneath the seat of St. Edward's Chair there has gathered a strange mass of legend and tradition—the encrustation of ages. The stone is twenty-two inches long, eleven broad, and six deep, and it is, according to tradition, the identical stone which the patriarch Jacob used for a pillow when he slept and had his celestial vision in the plain of Luz. Holinshed, in his "History of Scotland," gives an account of the bringing of the stone into the British Isles by the original founders of the Scottish race. Gathelus, a Greek son of Cecrops, builder of Athens, was banished by his father, went to Egypt, married Scota, daughter of the Pharaoh, and their posterity were called Scoti, "that is to say, Scottishmen, and the land where they inhabit Scotia, that is to say Scotland." During Gathelus's residence in Egypt arose the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites, and Gathelus, fearing the plagues, fled in ships, first to Numidia and then to Portugal, where he again settled. Thence he removed to Galicia and built the city of Brigantia, now Compostella. There, says Holinshed, after much fighting, he made peace with his neighbours, sat upon his marble stone and ministered justice. "This stone was in fashion like a seat or chair, having such a fatal destiny as the Scots say, following it that whosoever it should be found there should the Scottishmen reign and have the supreme governance. Hereof it came to pass that first in Spain, after in Ireland, and then in Scotland, the Kings which ruled over the Scottishmen received the crown sitting upon that stone until the time of Robert, the first King of Scotland. The inscription also of the stone, though engraven long time after [?] by Edward I. in 1296] as should appear was this:

Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum
Inveniet lapidem regnare tenentur ibidem—

which may be thus translated:—

Except old saws do fail,
And wizard's wits be blind,
The Scots in place must reign
Where they this stone shall find.

Gathelus finding his people increasing and the country not able to maintain them, emigrated once more and sent a great army of them under his two sons, Hiberus and Himecus, to Ireland, named Hibernia after Hiberus. Hiberus returned to Spain, where, finding his father dead, he succeeded him. Himecus established himself in Ireland, and in after years the Scottish people there beginning to decay through internal quarrels, sent to Spain for Simon Brech, who was descended of their blood royal. So Brech, "being glad of these tidings, sailed quickly into Ireland and brought thither with him, amongst other princely jewels and regal monuments, the fatal stone of marble, whereon he caused himself to be crowned, in token of his full possession and establishment over that kingdom." Brech was the first King that reigned over the Scots in Ireland, 697 B.C. From Ireland some of the Scots passed over to the Hebrides, and thence to the mainland. Here after a time they quarrelled with the Picts (who had entered Scotland from "Hither Scythia," or Denmark), and sent to their kinsmen in Ireland for help. Fergus, the Scottish King in Ireland, sent his son Fergusius with a puissant company, and he took with him the marble stone "that he might conceive the better hope to reign there as King, because he went forth unto such a dangerous war." But Fergusius was chosen as the King of the Scots in Scotland because there was none thought so meet to bear that office, and that the Chair of Hope was also

brought with him; he was placed upon his marble stone and crowned King, being the first of the Scottish nation that ever ruled in Albion as absolute Governor. Fergus began his reign in B.C. 327, and from his time the Fatal Stone, the Stone of Destiny, the Chair of Hope remained in Scotland. In 850 A.D. it was placed in the Abbey of Scone by King Kenneth, who had found it preserved at Dunstaffnage, a Royal Scottish castle. From the Abbey of Scone, where it remained till Edward I. of England carried it off in 1296, the stone received one of its names, the Stone of Scone.

"THE MONUMENT WHICH BINDS THE WHOLE EMPIRE"

Dean Stanley, in his "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey," has given us some interesting details as to the history of the stone. On the Hill of Tara it became "Lia Fail," the "Stone of Destiny," and on it the Kings of Ireland were placed. If the chief was a true successor, the stone was silent; if a pretender, it roared aloud, as with thunder. But of all explanation regarding it, the most probable is that which identifies it with the stony pillar on which Columba rested, and on which his dying head was laid in his Abbey of Iona, and if so, it belongs to the minister of the first authentic Western consecration of a Christian Prince—that of the Scottish Chief Aidan. On this precious relic Edward I. fixed his hold; on it he was himself crowned King of the Scots. Westminster was to be an English Scone. In the last year of his reign (1307) the venerable chair which still encloses it was made for it by the orders of its captor; the fragment of the world-old Celtic races was embedded in the new Plantagenet oak. The King had originally intended the seat to have been of bronze, and the workman Adam had actually begun it. But it was ultimately constructed of wood and decorated by Walter.

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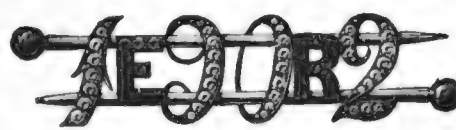
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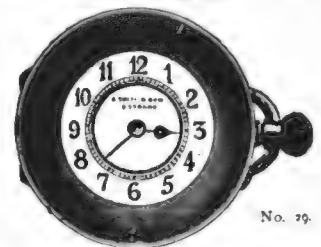
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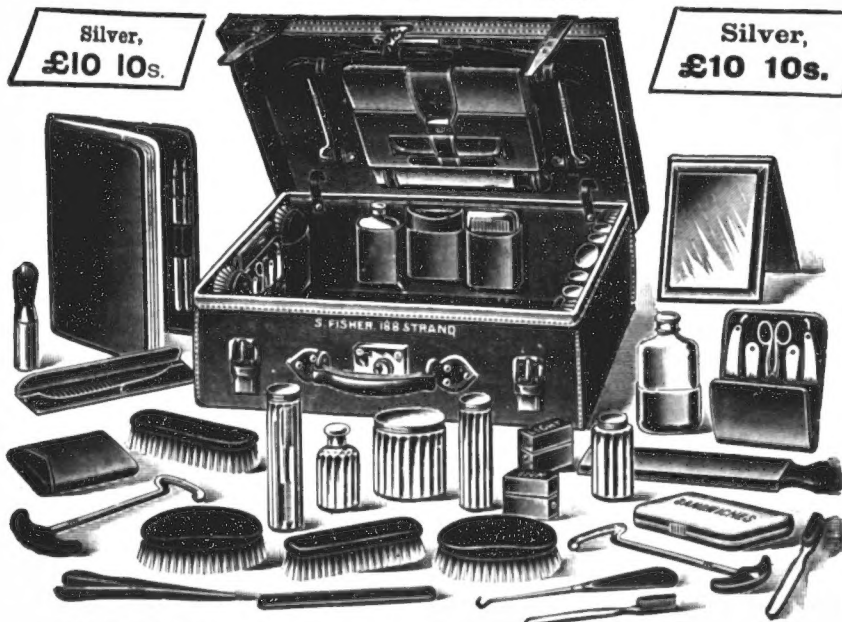
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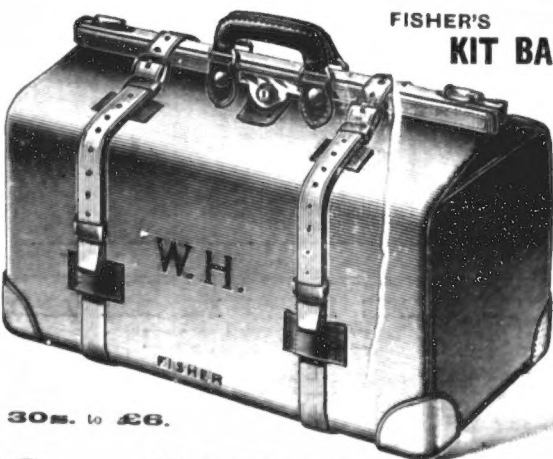
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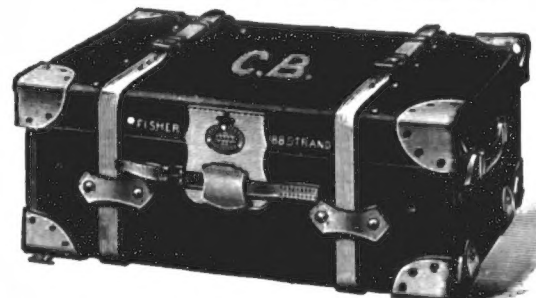
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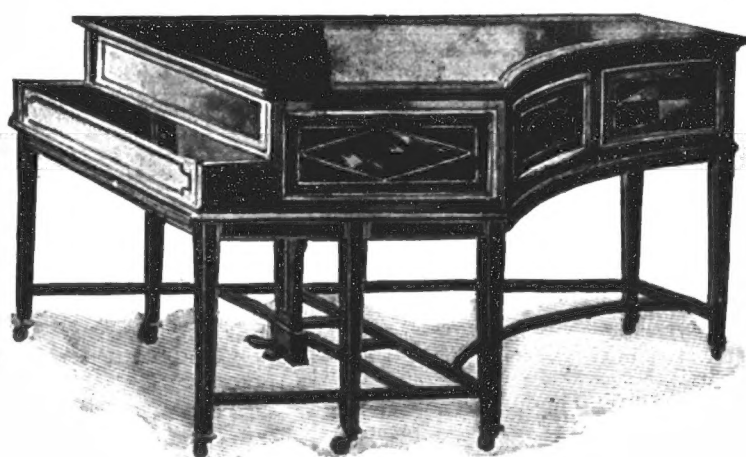
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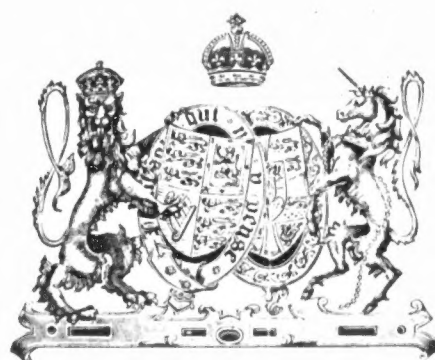
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